Angola up for Grabs *Tad Szulc*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—December 6, 1975, 50 cents

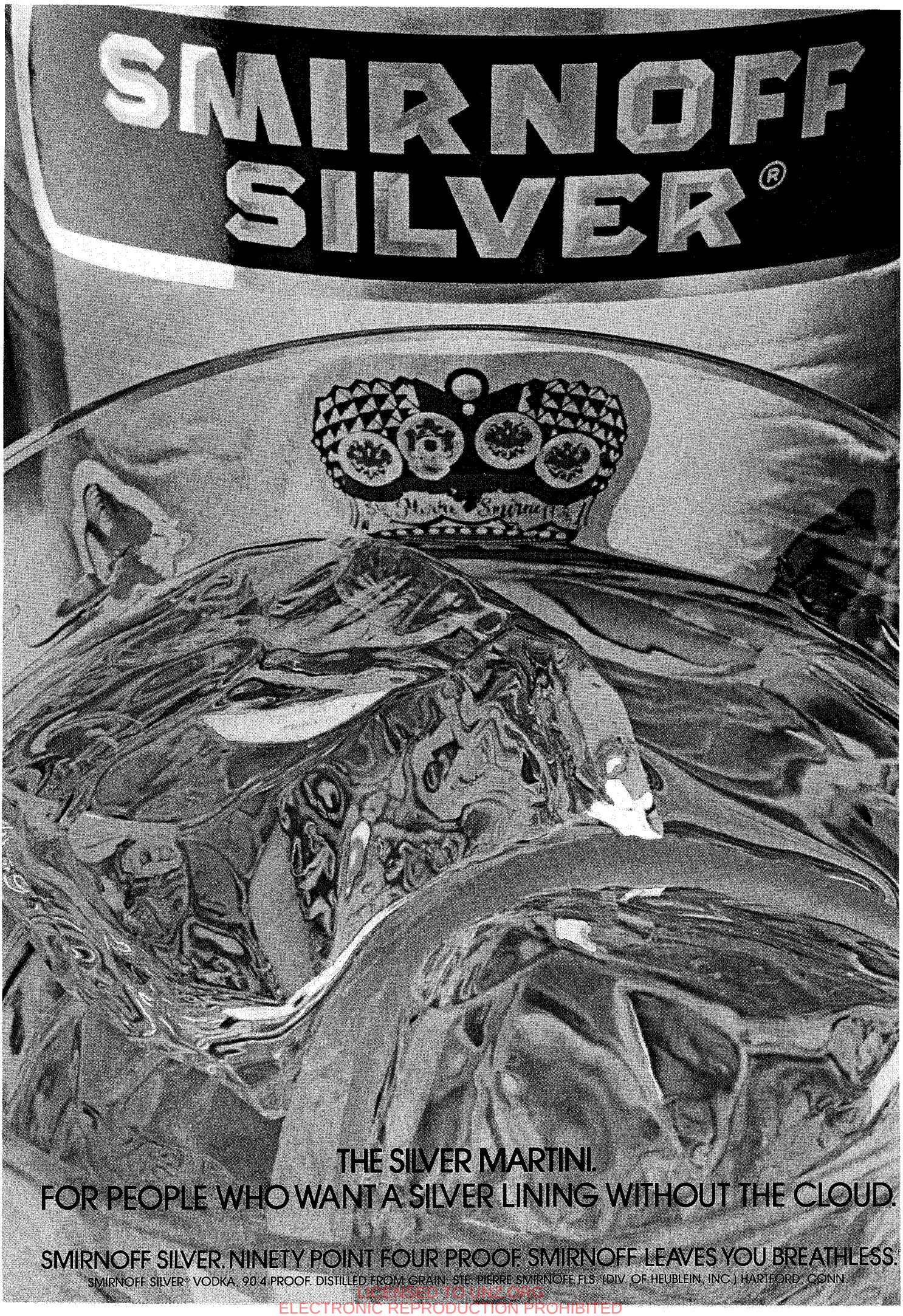
EWSPAPER NEWSPAI
NR RTT3 L099 SEP 76 1 01
RITTER LIB-PERIODICALS
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA OHIO
44017

MORE HOLIDAY BOOKS

Alfred Kazin on Novels
Frank Manuel on History
Maggie Scarf on Behavioral Sciences
Ezra Jack Keats on Children's Books
Robert Coles on Tillie Olsen

Playing Monopoly—*Eliot Marshall*
Hope in Britain—*John Osborne*
Brutal Intelligence—*The Editors*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


SMIRNOFF
SILVER®
THE SILVER MARTINI.
FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT A SILVER LINING WITHOUT THE CLOUD.
SMIRNOFF SILVER. NINETY POINT FOUR PROOF. SMIRNOFF LEAVES YOU BREATHLESS.®
SMIRNOFF SILVER® VODKA. 90.4 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FILS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
December 6, 1975

Inscrutables

"American diplomats know him for what he is," concluded a dispatch from Geneva to Henry Luce's *Life* magazine, June 28, 1954, "a ruthless intriguer, a conscienceless liar, a saber-toothed political assassin." Who's this monster? Why, to be sure, Chou En-lai, the man Ford is visiting this week in China.

At Geneva in 1954 the Chinese emissary badly wanted accord. To the so-called US "China Lobby" he was a moral leper, just what *Life* called him, "a political thug and professional assassin."

They met, of course, Chou En-lai and our man, John Foster Dulles, the two foreign ministers in the conference hall in Geneva. Chou advanced, holding out his hand. Dulles recoiled, put his hand behind his back. "I cannot," he muttered and stalked out.

So now Mr. Ford visits Peking (and a very good thing, too) but is it any wonder that the Chinese think it is we, not they, who are "enigmatic"?

Richard Nixon spent years attacking communism and blaming Democrats for "losing China." In 1952 he declared "China wouldn't have gone Communist if the Truman administration had had backbone." Every Republican platform from 1948 through 1968 said no compromise with China. "We are opposed to the recognition of Red China," said Barry Goldwater in 1964. And then a few months after his 1968 election Nixon reversed positions and thereafter visited the place even calling it by its right name, "The People's Republic of China."

What will curious Chinese think of the perplexing Americans in the Ford visit? Will we be cold or hot—or tepid? First we were warm at the turn of the century when we used Boxer indemnity money to encourage them, build schools, send students here. We were smug. In that patronizing era Sen. Kenneth Wherry uttered his great phrase to a cheering audience, "With God's help, we will lift Shanghai up and up, ever up, until it is just like Kansas City."

Then the ungrateful Chinese threw out our man Chiang Kai-shek and installed their man, Mao Tse-tung. What presumption. The transition in US thought was violent: "smiling, dutiful, loyal Chinese had almost overnight become yellow hordes, mindless functional Communist ants, a shocking new reincarnation," said David Halberstam. "Old China hands" in the US diplomatic service pleaded for understanding of the new regime; if we didn't help, China would turn to Russia; they were disgraced. Gen. Vinegar Joe Stilwell, assigned to Chiang's staff, called him "a peanut dictator"; he was replaced. We sent perhaps three billion dollars of supplies to Chiang; it was lost. Our new ambassador, overconfident Pat Hurley, quarreled with his staff and resigned with a sensational charge: "a considerable section of our State Department is endeavoring to support communism generally, as well as specifically in China." That brought McCarthy.

As Barbara Tuchman wrote in her book, *Stilwell*, "Innate fear and hate of communism reasserted itself in America. On that dark yeast, grudge, ambition and vindictiveness could feed, and demagogues grow fat. Hurley opened the journey to the tawdry reign of terror soon to be imposed with such astonishing ease by Sen. Joe McCarthy. The time of hysterics had arrived."

No doubt students of the United States in Red China are trying to appraise new revelations of CIA and FBI activity as President Ford arrives. Is the "time of hysterics" over in America, they ask? There was this plot to assassinate Lumumba with poisons, the cooperation with criminals to upset Allende in Chile, the plans to use a contaminated diving suit against Fidel Castro. You can imagine the serious-minded Chinese in some alcove of the Peking foreign office wrestling with the nuances of these affairs, trying to understand the mental processes of devious and inscrutable Occidentals who proposed to use poisoned cigars, toxic toothbrushes, depilatories and exploding seashells against enemies. "Have a cigarette?" asks a visiting American journalist. "No, I think not," says the polite Chinese.

We were against all these leaders because they threatened to bring in, or to continue, Communist regimes. That was the same basis on which we developed our policy in China only, of course, China had 800 million people to Chile's 10 million. Even so it was touch-and-go. John Service in 1944-45 seemed the right man at the right place; a 35-year-old foreign service officer, born in China of missionary parents, fluent in Chinese, who suddenly by accident became a semi-official link with Chou and Mao in the Yenan caves. They poured out endless appeals for postwar Sino-American economic cooperation. He passed the word on to Washington, which wouldn't listen.

There was one more chance. "If China goes Communist, so what?" asked George Kennan, chief of the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department. Truman was half-convinced in 1947-49, and tried to extricate himself from the Chinese civil war. But Congress, McCarthy and the China lobby were too much.

President Ford's polite hosts aren't going to ask what became of his predecessor, the man who paid them a nice visit four years ago. Let's not deny Richard Nixon credit; he broke the ice: he and Kissinger brought us into the new era, and it makes no difference that he would have screamed bloody murder if a Democrat had done it. But have those morbid fears of communism really subsided? Hardly, it appears.

On September 15, 1970, Nixon, Kissinger and John Mitchell discussed the Chilean radicals with CIA Director Richard Helms (now ambassador to Iran). Helms testified that Nixon wanted something done in Chile right away. Helms wrote down in his notes, "$10,000,000 available, more if necessary." Never mind that the government was elected democratically—get rid of it.

The Chinese hosts may have unspoken questions about Martin Luther King. Like Andrei Sakharov, the physicist in Russia, King was to receive the Nobel peace prize. The Russians told Sakharov he couldn't go to Oslo to accept the award; J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI sent King an anonymous letter 30 days before the award, charging him with infidelities and suggesting suicide. That was neater than poisoned toothbrushes, wasn't it?

The Chinese won't ask Mr. Ford about these things. They are tactful, and they have skeletons in their closet, too.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meet your tax breakers

These sturdy newcomers born of the Pension Reform Act can help you reduce your tax load and build your retirement fund. Simultaneously. IRA, the Individual Retirement Account designed for those employed by a company, and KEOGH, the plan for those who are self-employed, are both available at Citizens Building and Loan.

With these plans, you can set aside up to 15% of your net earned income in retirement trust, *free of current federal income taxes.* Until you retire, you pay no tax on contributions to your account and no tax on the interest earned. The IRA plan is open to both full and part-time employees. Participants set aside 15% (up to $1,500) of their earned income during a year. The funds, tax-free, net much more than a regular savings account. For example, you're in the 30% tax bracket, at 5-1/4% interest, $1,500 deposited each year in an IRA account will amount to $10,858 in just six years. The same amount in a traditional savings account, will be just $7,186 after taxes.

The KEOGH Plan works much the same way, but it is designed for those who are self-employed. You may contribute as much as 15% of your earned income —with a limit of $7,500 a year— to your plan.

Open either account now to receive full benefit on your 1975 tax return.

Citizens
Building and Loan Association, Inc.
Main Office: 8485 Fenton Street
Silver Spring, Maryland 20907

Find out more about The Tax Breakers. Visit any of our offices or write IRA/KEOGH, Citizens Building and Loan Association, Pershing Drive and Fenton Street, Silver Spring, Maryland 20907. NR-1

Name _____

Address _____

Metzerott Plaza 439-7000
White Oak 593-7600
Main Office 585-9000
Olney 774-2300
Potomac 229-8230
Frederick 301-662-9420
Rockville 726-3101
Gaithersburg 926-0560
Kensington 949-2200
Damascus 253-2000
Lochmann's Plaza 881-0818
Laurel 776-5500 & 301-725-7070

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 173, No. 23, Issue 3178, December 6, 1975. Published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, August 9, August 23) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscriptions, $17; foreign, $20; students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1975 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

5 Comment
Brutal Intelligence
7 White House Watch: Hope in Britain —*John Osborne*
8 Angola up for Grabs—*Tad Szulc*
12 Playing Monopoly at *The Washington Post*—*Eliot Marshall*
14 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
15 History—*Frank E. Manuel*
18 Fiction—*Alfred Kazin*
19 Behavioral Sciences—*Maggie Scarf*
22 Children's Books—*Ezra Jack Keats*
23 Books—Reviews by *Harold C. Martin, C. David Heymann, James Olney, Paul Buttenwieser*
29 Reconsideration: Tillie Olsen's *Tell Me a Riddle*—*Robert Coles*
30 The Back of the Book—*Roger Rosenblatt*
31 Correspondence

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Production Manager—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Assistant Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Staff Assistant—Maria P. Bernabe
Advertising Manager—Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494
Leadership Network Advertising—Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 683-0830

Brutal Intelligence

The Senate Intelligence Committee's report on assassination plots against foreign leaders, and the hearings the committee held on FBI operations directed against Americans, show in chilling detail what the intelligence community does to those it defines as enemies of the republic. The report describes the American role in efforts to kill Castro, and in the assassinations of Patrice Lumumba of the Congo (now Zaïre), of Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, Gen. René Schneider—the man who stood in the way of a coup against Chile's Salvador Allende—and Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam. Trujillo and Diem were under stong attack from domestic forces and the issue for the US was how much help to give local plotters. In Cuba, the Congo and Chile, the United States went looking for people who could be persuaded to carry out an assassination. It is very important to ask, *as this report does not*, why the American intelligence services treated these men (and Martin Luther King and the Black Panthers and new left at home) as enemies who could be dealt with by any means. Who were Lumumba and Schneider and Allende and Castro that we should want them dead?

The committee appears to take for granted (perhaps unintentionally) that we were right in seeing these men as our enemies and that it was proper to undermine them in ways short of assassination. But the report includes enough information from intelligence community assessments to permit the reader to reach contrary conclusions.

While accusing the Castro regime of interference in the internal affairs of other nations, American intelligence agents were intervening in Cuba in every way they could imagine, hatching at least eight separate assassination plots against Fidel. American intelligence analysts were not informed of these plots, but they did report that Castro's removal from the scene would do no good since he would only be replaced by someone with the same views. The Cuban regime was sufficiently popular among Cubans that there was no hope of overthrowing it short of massive American intervention. So much for the clichéd American commitment to noninterference in the affairs of others.

The plot to assassinate Patrice Lumumba was hatched in the summer of 1960 after he had been driven from office and was under United Nations protection. According to the Church Committee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

report, Lumumba "was viewed with alarm by United States policymakers because of what they perceived as his magnetic public appeal and his leanings toward the Soviet Union." The fear was not that he would instigate a coup, but that if he were permitted to speak to the Congolese people his spellbinding rhetoric would cause them to follow him. While trying to persuade some of his countrymen that Lumumba had to be killed, the Agency was desperately seeking to prevent a reconvening of the Congolese parliament in the belief that if it were permitted to meet it would vote Lumumba back into office. So much for the stated American commitment to free speech and parliamentary democracy.

The problem in Chile in the fall of 1970 was similar. If the Chilean parliament were to meet, it would elect Salvador Allende president on the basis of his plurality in a free election. Although America's allies, the Christian Democrats, could have prevented Allende's accession to power simply by violating tradition and voting for his right wing opponent, they refused to do so. The CIA had concluded that the US had no vital interests in Chile, but Nixon wanted Allende stopped at any cost. The difficulty was that only the military could prevent Allende's election, and the military was committed to observing the constitution. Gen. René Schneider, commander-in-chief of the Chilean army, refused to consider any deviation from the constitution, so the Agency plotted his kidnapping, which led to his killing and eventually to the coup against Allende. So much for our fondness for constitutional procedures and civilian control of the military.

What Castro, Lumumba and Allende had in common was a charismatic ability to inspire others to believe that fundamental change is possible. They shared these traits with Martin Luther King. The FBI feared King's politics just as it feared the new left and the black nationalist movement. So the Bureau moved against them. Respect for fundamental values no more restrained the FBI at home than it did the CIA abroad.

The techniques used against foreign and domestic enemies were remarkably similar. The Church Committee has not thoroughly investigated assassinations at home but whether the FBI itself ever killed anyone or not there is evidence that the Bureau was prepared to catalyze violence and killing as a tactic against its perceived enemies.

The CIA's willingness to resort to violence abroad shows clearly in the Church Committee report. While the report agonizes over whether the Agency should have recognized that the kidnapping of Gen. Schneider might lead to his death, it ignores the fact that the Agency was advocating a violent and illegal act—the kidnapping of the chief military officer of a freely elected government because he refused to violate the constitution. The report omits mention of other Agency activities such as the Phoenix program in Vietnam, which systematically resorted to assassination of low level Viet Cong officials.

Venal techniques short of murder were common here and abroad. Documents were forged and distributed by clandestine means in an effort to discredit leaders before their followers and with their families. Competing groups were deliberately set against each other; individuals were terrorized. Martin Luther King was informed unsubtly that if he did not commit suicide his private life would be exposed. The Chilean military was told that if it did not overturn the country's constitution, military aid would be cut off and the US would do all within its power "to condemn Chile and the Chileans to utmost deprivation and poverty." Both threats were carried out.

The Church Committee report repeats in this new context Sen. Baker's famous Watergate question: "What did the President know and when did he know it?" The committee seeks what it cannot find, a single definitive answer to the question: were the Agency and the Bureau off on their own or were they faithfully following the orders of Presidents? The truth lies somewhere between. The Church report presents clear evidence that at least on some occasions the CIA deliberately concealed activities from senior officials. To cite just one episode: Richard Helms, then the director of dirty tricks for the Agency, avoided telling John McCone, the director of Central Intelligence, or President Johnson about on-going efforts to assassinate Castro for fear that they would have ordered a halt.

That most of the time the Agency and the Bureau were responding to presidential concerns and presidential wishes cannot be doubted. In the case of Lumumba, President Eisenhower expressed strong hostility toward the Congolese leader. That was followed by a meeting of the intelligence community leadership in which it was decided not to rule out "any particular kind of activity which might contribute to getting rid of Lumumba." When Attorney General Robert Kennedy was informed that the Agency had hired Mafia figures to assassinate Castro, the President's brother simply said not to do it again. He ordered no investigation of possible violations of law and no flat prohibition of assassinations or the future use of the Mafia.

The same attorney general authorized the wiretap of Martin Luther King on the absurd grounds that King was being influenced by a man believed to be a Communist. (Columnist William Safire is quite correct to argue that the Church Committee has been too squeamish about investigating this ugly episode.) Later President Johnson turned the technique against Robert Kennedy himself by using a Bureau surveillance of King at the 1964 Democratic convention to keep track of Kennedy. Even the most cursory examination of the record leaves no doubt that in going after the antiwar movement and earlier radicals the Bureau and the Agency were often doing precisely what the respective Presidents wanted.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House Watch

Hope in Britain

London

A White House reporter on a brief visit to London is asked many questions about Gerald Ford and his presidency. The obvious and expected questions—is it true, as some say, that Mr. Ford can't chew gum and walk a straight line at the same time?; is he likely to be nominated and elected next year?—tend to fuse into a central question that is especially interesting because it is asked by officials who occasionally visit Washington and who have access to the guidance given the British government by its Washington embassy. The central question is whether it's true that the President is served by an unusually competent White House staff, a staff so competent that it may be counted upon to save him from really disastrous error in either domestic or foreign affairs. One part of the visitor's two-part answer seems to surprise and please the questioners; the other part to surprise and sadden them. The part that seems to please them is that this President isn't nearly as dumb as the question assumes. The part of the answer that seems to sadden them is that with some individual exceptions President Ford is served by the weakest staff in recent White House history. If he has to be saved from disastrous error, the salvation won't come from his staff.

Enough of that. The reporter didn't come to London to hear and talk about President Ford. After three days on the fringe of the economic summit conference at Rambouillet in France, he came here to renew acquaintance and refresh impression in a city that he has known and loved since 1938. An immediate reward is a bit of information that escaped the reporter in Washington and Paris. The notion that Prime Minister Harold Wilson of Great Britain and Chancellor Helmut Schmidt of West Germany joined at and before the Rambouillet conference in urging President Ford to increase artificial stimulation of the US economy in order to expand the American market for British and German exports turns out to be a little off the mark. Wilson urged both Schmidt and Mr. Ford to step up the stimulation of their economies, arguing that the US and Germany were in better shape than any of the other "industrial democracies" represented at Rambouillet and therefore ought to heat up their recoveries for the benefit of Britain, France, Italy and Japan. One gathers that Mr. Ford and Schmidt in effect told Wilson to go stuff it while the Chancellor continued to urge the President to do what he, Schmidt, was unwilling to do.

The big news in Britain is a surge of hope. It is hope of a most peculiar kind, arising from and resting largely upon the efforts of Britons to convince themselves that there is sound basis for it. The hope is not that Britain has hit the bottom of its long slide into economic ruin and is headed upward. It is rather that Britons of all classes at all levels—government, labor, management—have at last realized that the country is headed for ruin and have agreed to accept the sacrifices that are deemed necessary to avert national and personal catastrophe. Britons incessantly tell each other that this has happened and cite several events in proof that it has happened.

Last July the Wilson government imposed and the major unions, individually and through their Trades Union Congress, accepted an absolute limit of six pounds ($12.48 at current rates) per week in increases of all earned incomes, whether wages or salaries, until next July. Twenty years ago that would have been regarded as a prodigious level of general increase. Now it is considered to be sacrificially low, a guarantee that Britain's horrific wage and price inflation can be halted or at least held within practicable bounds if the limitation is observed through next July and retained for another year or so. The memberships of big unions, most recently the mighty Amalgamated Union of Engineering Workers, are ousting the extreme leftist leaderships that have long dominated them and turning to what pass for moderate leaders in Labour Britain. On November 5, announcing "an approach to industrial strategy," Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey said that Britain must "reverse the relative decline of British industry which has been continuous for many years" and that in order to do so "the government emphasizes the importance of sustaining a private sector of industry which is vigorous, alert, responsible and profitable." The idea is to select some 30 industries that now or potentially contribute substantially to British exports and, when necessary, assist them either with direct subsidies or by buying a government equity in them. In all cases the government proposes to intervene in planning for and management of the aided industries to a degree that would be abhorred in the US but is welcomed by Britain's slap-happy managers.

At the opening of a new session of Parliament the Conservative party's first female leader, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, applauded both the incomes limitation and the industrial policy while expressing acrid doubt that the Labour government is capable of administering either of them. Remarkably for a Labour Prime Minister, Harold Wilson attributed Britain's economic woes in part to "our own failure over a quarter of a century under successive governments to increase industrial investment" and to improve productivity "in any way comparable with that achieved by our leading

COMING: John Osborne's report on the Ford trip to China

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

competitors." Even more remarkably, he didn't pretend that the country is through the worst. Instead he said that because of previously agreed price increases that have yet to take full effect "the nation must expect to face a period in which there is absolute temporary reduction in living standards measured by the relationship between earnings and prices."

Here was recognition by the Labour leadership that profit is not necessarily sinful and indeed is necessary for a wide sector of British industry if Britain is to regain economic health. Here too, many thought, was admission that nationalization of key sectors of British industry had failed and that the country must look to privately owned industry rather than to nationalized industry for the exports essential to its recovery. *But*—have Britons generally and the Labour leadership in particular really recognized and agreed to cut out the cankers that eat at Britain's economic heart? There is reason to doubt it. The government jarred management representatives who collaborated in and applauded Chancellor Healey's "approach to industrial strategy" by announcing proposals to nationalize the aircraft manufacturing and shipbuilding industries, extend and tighten the destructive grip of the longshoremen's (docker's) union upon the country's ports and adjacent import storage areas, and hasten the application of a previously enacted law that will make the closed shop practically universal and greatly enhance the power of restrictive unions to control everything from productivity to publication. Union workers and leaders who accepted temporary pay limits balked at the barest beginning of efforts to modernize processes and improve productivity. Suicidal strikes in the ailing newspaper and automobile industries, among others, occurred while the Prime Minister and many others were proclaiming the dawn of a new rationality. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the Secretary of State for Energy and a leader of the Parliamentary Labour party's restive left wing, denounced pending cuts in public spending on social services and signalled a determined fight within the party and the Wilson government to frustrate many of the measures that were widely deemed to be as necessary as they would be painful. The opposition to the government course was in keeping with good Socialist and liberal theology. But Britain's postwar economic record says beyond dispute that the country provides the world's outstanding example of good theology gone wrong.

Much else, including a move to grant partial autonomy to Scotland and Wales that could but probably doesn't presage the breakup of the United Kingdom, agitates and enlivens the British scene. One of its lighter aspects is the squawling over the rapid and legally required equalization of male and female rights and status. Some of the loudest squawlers are female commentators in national newspapers, protesting that women don't want all the equalization and that it's an insult to British housewives. A male visitor is entitled to laugh when he spots the following item in the official roster of Her Majesty's Household: "Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms—Rt. Hon. the Baroness Llewellyn-Davies of Hastoe."

John Osborne

A Russian Satellite in Africa?

Angola up for Grabs

by Tad Szulc

It is quite possible that by the end of this year Angola—until last November 11 a wealthy and strategic Portuguese colony—will become the first full-fledged Soviet satellite in Africa. That would substantially advance Moscow's worldwide influence at the expense of both the US and China.

The alternative, it appears, is a protracted, savage civil war certain to involve most of the big powers and quite a few of the lesser ones—ranging from South Africa and Zaire to Cuba and Mozambique. The civil war is already underway, and it is being rapidly internationalized.

Last week, in fact, Secretary of State Kissinger warned the Soviet Union that its involvement threatened détente; he also told Cuba, whose forces are engaged in combat in Angola, that their involvement may kill all chances for improved relations between Washington and Havana. For the US, the urgent question is whether to tolerate the emergence of a Soviet-controlled Angolan state or to allow ourselves

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before you tie up money for 4 to 7 years to earn higher interest, and agree to heavy penalties if you withdraw your money early...

Please send for the prospectus of

DREYFUS LIQUID ASSETS, INC.

TAX DEFERRED Accounts Available

Keogh Plan for Self-employed ($750 minimum; $7,500 maximum)

Individual Retirement Account ($750 minimum; $1,500 maximum)

an investment company which seeks current income by pooling investors' cash to purchase and hold high grade money market obligations: Certificates of Deposit (CD's) . . . U.S. Government securities . . . Bankers' acceptances . . . Highest credit commercial paper.

- **No charge when you buy shares**
- **No charge when you withdraw your money**
- **No monthly maintenance charge**
- **Dividends declared daily**
- **$2,500 minimum investment**
- **$1,000 minimum investment if forwarded by a securities dealer**
- **Check redemption privilege: withdraw $500 or more simply by writing a check**

For a copy of the prospectus and a free information booklet, mail the coupon or call us at the numbers below any time during the week from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

CALL TOLL-FREE
(800) 325-6400

IN MISSOURI CALL TOLL-FREE
(800) 342-6600

Dreyfus Liquid Assets, Inc. 0760104
600 Madison Avenue NR-1
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send my prospectus and free information booklet.*

PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please send ☐ Keogh Plan ☐ IRA information

*For more complete information about Dreyfus Liquid Assets including charges and expenses, send for a prospectus from Dreyfus Liquid Assets, 600 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022 by sending this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be dragged into active participation in this latest African civil war. US involvement is now limited. Angola is probably the most dangerous African conflict since World War II. It has extraordinary international ramifications and all the potential overtones of a new Vietnam, especially if the West decides to go for broke against the Soviet Union over Angola. The American decision must be made rather quickly if the US chooses to play a meaningful role in the Angolan situation and to back the anti-Soviet side all the way. (Congress, however, may well block major American involvement; legislation has been proposed denying military aid to any of the Angolan factions.)

A "People's Republic of Angola" was proclaimed in Luanda, the capital, on November 11 by the Soviet-supported Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) as the last Portuguese forces were leaving the colony. Simultaneously, the two rival nationalist movements—the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (FNLA) and the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) together established a "People's Democratic Republic of Angola" in the city of Huambo (previously known as Nova Lisboa) several hundred miles southeast of Luanda. For the time being, FNLA and UNITA have merged their armies in the war against the MPLA.

The MPLA enjoys extravagant Soviet and Cuban support in equipment and military advice and leadership. There are at least 3000 Cuban specialists and combat troops supporting the MPLA's operations, and in late November more Cubans were being flown in. Soviet advisers are on the ground though probably not involved in combat; there is no confirmation that any Soviet personnel have been captured.

The FNLA's principal sponsors are China, the US and Zaire.

UNITA is Washington's favorite instrument and it is backed by South Africa which, late in October, organized a force of UNITA troops led by white South African, British, French, Portugese and other mercenary officers. A South African regular army mechanized battalion also reportedly entered Angola in mid-November and may already be engaged in combat. Just as the Soviets are providing light armor and tanks to the MPLA, the South Africans have equipped the mercenary-led column with armored personnel carriers and other modern weapons. The FNLA and UNITA also have American and Chinese arms. There are no clear indications that US advisers are active with the FNLA-UNITA detachments (except for Central Intelligence Agency operatives), but there are reliable reports that American transport planes are delivering military equipment at the Kinshasa airport to be flown aboard Zaire aircraft to landing and drop zones in Angola controlled by the FNLA and UNITA. South African C-130s (from the US) also fly equipment.

China's aid to the FNLA is on a much smaller scale than Soviet help to the MPLA. Late in November, in fact, the Chinese seemed to be reassessing their activities in Angola.

Angola is, in effect, divided in three main sections held by the rival movements. The MPLA is in command of Angola's central section, running from the Atlantic to the Zaire border in the east. It has Luanda. The FNLA and some UNITA forces cover most of northern Angola; some of their best units are stalled some 30 miles north of Luanda after their failure to take the MPLA capital in the days preceding independence. The south is in the hands of UNITA and its FNLA allies. During the first weeks of November, this force—led by the South African mercenary column—was able to capture all the Angolan ports south of Luanda, and it was attempting to move further north. Having taken Benguela and Lobito, the anti-Soviet movements completely controlled the crucial Benguela Railway over which copper from Zaire and Zambia is transported to the port of Lobito for export.

At first glance, then, it might seem that the MPLA is trapped in the Luanda enclave and in what remains of the central zone of Angola. Likewise the MPLA holds Cabinda, the oil-rich sliver of territory between Congo-Brazzaville and Zaire. Although Cabinda belonged to Portugal, it was separated from Angola by the Congo River and a slice of Zaire Territory. In Cabinda, a major prize in the African war, the MPLA is supported by the well-trained former gendarmes from Katanga, the secession-minded Zaire province.

Western intelligence sources, however, tend to think that the situation may soon become reversed in favor of the MPLA because of the volume and quality of Soviet and Cuban military assistance flowing to the Luanda regime since the beginning of November. The Soviets have been backing the MPLA all along, but the scope of this aid grew substantially in recent weeks. The pessimistic judgment in the Washington intelligence community is that, as matters now stand, the MPLA may defeat its rivals because of the superiority it is developing, thanks to Soviet and Cuban support.

The forthcoming test, according to US intelligence, will be between the Cubans and the mercenary-led anti-Soviet forces. If the Cubans prevail, the MPLA may well be the winner. If they fail, the prospect is for extended warfare.

It was the Soviet-Cuban help that made it possible for the MPLA to resist the pre-independence offensive by the FNLA north of Luanda; now, my sources say, Cuban-led and Soviet-equipped MPLA troops are in an excellent position to knock out the FNLA/UNITA army despite the presence of the white mercenaries on the latter side. This may be true even if Zaire's President Mobutu orders his own troops and planes to become directly involved in the conflict. Mobutu, however, faces insurrectional dangers at home; those problems might restrain his involvement in Angola.

South Africa's apparent decision to commit covertly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its regular troops in Angola may have been a response to the arrival of the Cubans.

Angola's future is hard to predict but, short of a major Western intervention—at least a full scale South African involvement—the likelihood is that before long the MPLA will hold sway over much of the country. Once the MPLA has consolidated its power, however, the chances are that the FNLA and UNITA will seek—with Western help—to reorganize themselves as guerrilla forces fighting the Luanda regime. In its current stage, the Angola battle is for the most part a conventional war—a war that will escalate in coming weeks if Zaire puts its Mirages into the fray and Cuban pilots take to the air in the MiG-21s now being delivered in Luanda.

While Washington does not appear to have decided whether to become fully involved in Angola to block a MPLA victory, there is no question that the US, China, South Africa and Zaire will go on providing some degree of backing to their Angolan clients. This is, to be sure, a peculiar alliance—and an informal one—but in this case it is unified in the objective of thwarting the Soviet Union in Africa.

A perplexing question is why Moscow has decided to risk a possible confrontation with the West in Angola through its open and large scale involvement there. Evidently a high-level policy decision was made jointly by the Russians and the Cubans to shift from a backdoor support of "liberation movements" to the launching of a conventional war. Moscow, in fact, has gone even further in Angola than in Vietnam to internationalize a civil war. Hanoi had received a certain amount of Soviet technical advice and military equipment, but Moscow played no direct military-political role in Vietnam. Likewise no foreign troops fought on the side of the North Vietnamese.

It appears in Washington that Angola was irresistible to the Soviets, even if to go in were to risk ending détente with the US. While Moscow has influence in such African countries as Somalia, it has never had outright control of any state in Africa. The prospect of such control motivates the Russians to bolster the MPLA regime.

There are numerous reasons for this Soviet interest. Quite aside from its wealth—oil, diamonds, sugar and coffee—Angola is strategically located on Africa's west coast. Control would give Moscow a military presence on the South Atlantic. The Soviets have a foothold in Cuba in the Caribbean and a foothold in Somalia right below the entrance to the Persian Gulf. Bases in Angola, if they were to be obtained, would be crucial in supporting the Soviet fleet both in the South Atlantic and the Indian Ocean, thus facilitating operations along the oil tanker routes around Cape Horn. Politically an Angolan presence would go far to reduce the influence China has been trying to develop in such African nations as Tanzania.

If the MPLA reconquers Lobito and south-central Angola, the Soviets may have a major say in the operations of the Benguela Railway, possibly placing Zaire and Zambia at their mercy in terms of copper exports. Finally a Soviet-controlled state in Angola would add to the pressures on the white regimes in Rhodesia and South Africa. Mozambique, another new radical nation that has emerged from the collapse of Portuguese colonialism, is outflanking the Rhodesians and the South Africans from the east. Thus far Mozambique, where the Chinese influence is strong, has been relatively restrained in its dealings with the racist governments. To upstage the Chinese, however, the Russians might wish to turn Angola into an operational base against Rhodesia and South Africa.

In brief, then, Moscow has obviously decided that the risk is worth the prize. Evidently Prime Minister Fidel Castro felt impelled to demonstrate his loyalty to Moscow through the dispatch of his forces to Africa, not a natural area of Cuban interest.

The next question is what, if any, major response will come from the West, particularly from the US. Large scale involvement would make Angola, where tens of thousands have already died in the fratricidal war, the scene of what the London *Economist* has called a "proxy war" between the East and the West. If the US refrains from involvement, the outlook is for an indefinite cycle of guerrilla wars. In any event the West's—and China's—interest in weakening the Russians in Angola is not likely to vanish.

There is one more unknown in the Angola equation. That is whether the MPLA leadership, notably its president, Dr. Agostinho Neto, wishes to see Angola turned into a Soviet satellite. Dr. Neto is a radical nationalist, but there is no proof that he is a Communist. It is possible that Dr. Neto—and even his military commander, Nito Alves (now interior minister in the new Luanda regime)—may resent or reject Soviet control. His problems are complicated by the Cuban military whose continued presence in Angola may prevent any efforts by Dr. Neto to free himself of excessive Soviet influence.

Moscow has contrived to create a new area of dangerous tensions in Africa with wide implications for international relations. It is up to the US to judge whether this represents further damage to the increasingly fragile fabric of détente, and to react accordingly, bearing in mind American interests in Africa.

But it is very difficult to encourage a new US intervention overseas. In any case, the Ford administration would certainly run into congressional obstacles. It may be wiser for the US to stay out of Angola, reasoning that, in the end, the perils outweigh the rewards. There usually is a self-defeating quality about Soviet power-grab attempts in Africa. The wisest strategy might be to let the Chinese, the South Africans and Zaire go it alone in Angola.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playing Monopoly at *The Washington Post*

Split Personality

by Eliot Marshall

The Washington Post made a boast in a trade journal recently that Exxon and General Motors would be embarrassed to make in public. In an ad aimed at managers of corporate advertising accounts, the *Post* claimed that it "carries 70 percent of the ad linage placed in major Washington newspapers." That means that in Washington, DC the *Post* has a near monopoly on local advertising, for newspapers receive by far the largest slice of local ad revenue, and the *Post* is one of only two dailies in town. The ad also claimed that "advertisers spend more money with the *Post* than with the market's six television and 36 radio stations combined." The data, published in the October *Media Decisions*, aren't accurate any longer because the *Post* was hit with a strike in October and forced to reduce the size of its issues while repairing its vandalized presses. As a result some of its advertisers moved over to the competition, *The Washington Star*. But the numbers give a rough idea of the amount of economic power the *Post* customarily wields in its home market, the nation's capital.

Newspapers have split personalities because they serve two distinct sets of customers that often have contrary ideas about what's desirable in a paper. The *Post*, for example, represents itself to readers of its editorials as a benevolent institution that can't abide monopoly power in business and politics. Yet in ads for its business clients it pictures itself as a powerful, expanding corporation, the king of its local "media market." In business dealings the *Post* has everything to gain by imitating a monopoly. If the paper could assure clients that it handles 80 or 90 percent of the local daily advertising, it would be in an even better position to solicit ads than it is now. Of course the *Post* is not a complete monopoly, but the momentum of local ad revenue had until recently been moving it in that direction. Before the strike, the *Post*'s competitor, the *Star*, was on the verge of bankruptcy and the notoriously pack-traveling advertisers herded aboard the *Post* to avoid going down with the *Star*. This accelerated the *Star*'s decline.

As a rule, antitrust experts consider any company that controls 75 percent of a market a monopoly. The *Post* comes perilously close to that definition if one considers solely its domination of newspaper advertising. At least one official in the Justice Department believes that it already has monopoly power in Washington. For this reason the paper has taken a cautious public position on what it does and doesn't want in the way of corporate success. Katharine Graham, publisher of the *Post*, has long maintained that she doesn't want to run a monopoly. An editorial in her paper last July said that Washington needs two papers and that the *Post* is eager to have the *Star* survive. Thus the aggressiveness of the *Post*'s business staff is supposedly held in check by the paper's desire to live by the anti-monopolist code it advocates in the editorial columns. The *Post* could, if it wished, rule the local market tyrannically, but its sense of ethics has made it adopt a less combative policy and permit the *Star* to coexist peaceably across town. That seems to be the prevailing view of the *Post*'s intentions in Washington.

In an earlier article ("Striking Facts about the Post," *TNR*, Oct. 25) I suggested that the *Post* ended this gentle policy of détente during the crisis of the pressmen's strike in October. The paper was temporarily shut down after the pressmen wrecked the machinery and, according to reports that came out later, Graham asked the *Star* to print the *Post* or close down in sympathy. She made the request, she claimed, to forge a common publishers' front against union vandals. Unquestionably she also sought to preserve the status quo in shares of the ad market. Whether by intent or by accident, Graham ignored the awkwardness of the *Star*'s situation in making her request (it really was more like a demand). The *Star* couldn't afford to forfeit a penny of its advertising or circulation revenue at that time. Furthermore it didn't want to pass up a chance to capture some of the *Post*'s customers. The *Star* was losing between $750,000 and one million dollars a month before the strike, and any shutdown would probably have been permanent. My suggestion that Graham hoped to strengthen the *Post*'s monopoly by closing the *Star* seemed an overstatement to some readers, particularly Graham herself, who called to say it was unfair and made her out to be a "witch." The *Post*, she argued, didn't want to put anyone out of business; it merely wanted to see that all the players followed the usual rules. That is, she wanted to make sure that *Star* publisher Joe Allbritton wouldn't take advantage of the *Post*'s labor troubles to make a killing. "You just don't carve each other up that way," she explained.

Graham said that, contrary to the impression given by the article, the *Post* had in fact offered to pay for a publishers' fight against the unions and share the cost of joint printing or joint shutdown with the *Star*. The offer, she said, was made at least a week before the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strike, sometime in late September. Graham told Allbritton that "These are things that newspapers do together . . . If anything happens, don't incur any costs: we'll bear the brunt of it. We were willing to take the brunt of it before." She emphasized the importance of sticking together, but Allbritton decided to go his own way. Then, Graham explained, she spoke to Allbritton again after the strike had begun and said something that he might have interpreted as a threat, but which wasn't intended as one. "I was talking to him realistically about the newspaper business. I said 'I have to tell you the facts of life in newspaper publishing. That's the worst thing you can do . . . You just can't win a strike with another one publishing.'" She lost her temper and told him it was the "unfriendly parting of the ways."

Allbritton wouldn't talk about any aspect of this controversy but an editor at the *Star* did. He gave a different version of the pre-strike negotiations. He said that Graham told the *Star* on September 17: "Don't count on joint printing in your future plans." According to this version, the *Star* then realized it would have to ride out the storm alone, whatever its intensity. Business executives at the two companies won't confirm either side of the story, making it difficult to judge which is more accurate. Possibly both are true. In any case it's clear that the newspapers have drifted apart since October. The business managers say they never seriously considered setting up a joint publishing arrangement and have no intention of doing so. Allbritton of the *Star* apparently believes he would have to forfeit his independence in a joint venture, and his financial manager agreed that to make such a deal would be to reduce the *Star*'s status from competitor to afternoon sidekick of the *Post*.

Although the balance of power has shifted in recent weeks, the possibility of a newspaper monopoly developing in Washington hasn't been eliminated. Despite gains made during the strike, the *Star* is still by far the weaker paper. In addition to the difficulty the *Star* may have in keeping advertisers once the *Post* is back on its feet, it may suffer a new shock when it divests itself of subsidiary television and radio stations.

The *Star* has become the hapless test case for a new rule drafted by the Federal Communications Commission forbidding a single owner to operate both a newspaper and a broadcast station in the same market. The *Star* became the guinea pig because it's the first *new* broadcast-publisher combination to come before the FCC for a license approval since the rule was adopted in January, 1975. The *Star*'s TV-radio complex (WMAL) in recent years has provided extra income that kept the failing newspaper afloat. When the present publisher of the *Star*, Allbritton, bought out the old owners he hoped he would be able to continue the old owners' practice of subsidizing the paper with the income from the TV and radio stations, but he soon ran afoul of the FCC. His status as a newcomer is what caused him trouble, for the FCC in its vigorous campaign against monopoly attacks only the violators who've appeared since January 1975. Because Allbritton is a *new* owner he's been told he must get rid of either his newspaper or his broadcast stations in Washington. He's giving up the stations. Thus he will forego the considerable profit these companies bring in and further reduce the *Star*'s share of the local ad market. Allbritton may try to swap his broadcast stations in Washington for some in other markets. Kay Graham meanwhile, will be allowed to keep the *Post*, *Newsweek and* her TV and radio stations in Washington. The reason: she is not a newcomer.

Only a skilled equivocator can say that this rule will increase competition among newspaper and broadcast station owners, which is what the FCC argues. To a non-expert, the FCC seems to be doing just the opposite. Rather than breaking up the large media kingdoms, the FCC is hard at work dismantling the lesser baronies, for they are the ones that appear in court as novices. The small fry are the ones that lose money, get in trouble, sell out and then, under new ownership, come to the FCC for new license approval. There they find the way blocked. The answer to this injustice is not, as Secretary of the Treasury William Simon has suggested, simply to abandon the law and give up the divestiture campaign altogether. The sensible solution is to apply the law evenhandedly to both new and old media owners. The *Post* and other companies that owned newspaper-broadcast combinations before 1975 should be asked to divest themselves of all but one outlet per market, just as the *Star* has agreed to do. That's precisely what the FCC originally set out to accomplish when it first proposed the "cross-ownership" rule in 1970, but at some point in the five-year process of publishing it, the FCC was persuaded to let the established monopolies off the hook. The rule was modified to apply only to newcomers. Now that the *Star* has agreed to comply with this lopsided standard, however, the public may realize how unfair it is, and perhaps the FCC can be persuaded to take back its gift to the old established owners.

To put this in perspective, I should point out that *The Washington Post* is not among the worst offenders. The *Post's* domination of local advertising seems innocuous when compared with absolute monopolies in other cities where, for example, one company may own the only television station and both newspapers in town, completely stifling any news competition. The Justice Department has filed petitions at the FCC to break up such monopolies in eight cities, including Milwaukee, Des Moines, Topeka, Spokane and elsewhere, but apparently believes it has no legal basis for complaining about the media structure in Washington, DC. It would be inexcusable if through complacence the *Post* were allowed to become the only daily paper published in the nation's capital.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

National Rep

The Acting Company, formerly known as the City Center Acting Company, is now the only widely touring repertory group in the US. They have recently finished a five-week stand in New York City which was only one item on a year-round crowded schedule. After three years of touring they have played in 92 cities in 30 states, in many places more than once. By the standard of national availability they are the only national theater we have, so their condition must be of general concern.

Further, they come as close as any contemporary group to being a true repertory company. Most of their members were trained at the same theater school, Juilliard, at the same time, class of 1972, and have remained together since they played together in school. John Houseman, head of Juilliard's Drama Division and now artistic director of the Company, had the idea of consolidating his first graduating class into a continuing company. They now claim a repertory of 18 works which means, I assume, that any of the 18 could be done by the group on relatively short notice. They perform any one season's roster of plays in alternation. Among the numerous American theaters who call themselves repertories, few can cite such continuity of ensemble and accrual of resources.

I saw the Company's first production, Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, before they left Juilliard. I saw two more productions in their first New York season (*TNR*, Nov. 11, '72). I deliberately stayed away from them in their last New York season, 1973, in order to get some perspective. This season I saw all four of their shows.

The first was *The Robber Bridegroom*, a musical adapted from Eudora Welty's novella by Robert Uhry (book and lyrics) and Robert Waldman (music). Unfortunately the adaptation fit the original well, catching its *ersatz* folkloric quality and exaggerating it only a little. This romantic tale of Mississippi in the early 19th century was fleshed out on stage with all the balladic false naïveté of Welty's piece. The music disintegrated on the way from the stage to our ears. The production looked like rube sketches for the "Carol Burnett Show." Douglas W. Schmidt, the Company's designer who had done some good work at the Vivian Beaumont, showed here—as he did again later—the budget restrictions on him. The director Gerald Freedman filled the stage with cooked-up natural heartiness. The cast sang and danced somewhat better than one might expect of straight actors, and Kevin Kline in the title role sometimes touched the sweep of romance. Patti LuPone as his sweetheart cartooned brightly her swoonings and raptures. I liked David Schramm as her father until two weeks later I saw him pull out almost the same performance in Saroyan. Mary Lou Rosato, as the girl's stepmother, showed in the first 30 seconds that three years' experience have only given her three years' confirmation in the hollow stage trickery she felt so proud of last time I saw her.

Next came Marlowe's *Edward II*. The publicity said that this was the play's "first full-scale American production." I saw it last year at the CSC Repertory in New York (a less glamorous group that, too, is trying for true repertory): their production certainly seemed as full in scale as the Acting Company's, though possibly not entirely professional in the strict Equity union sense, and I certainly enjoyed it more than this show. But no performance of *Edward II* can really succeed because it's not a successful play. The writing is not nearly as rich as that of *Tamburlaine* or *Dr. Faustus*, and there is no protagonist of interest. Gaveston has some foxy glitter but he disappears early; Edward himself is one long declining petulant whine; his queen and her friend Mortimer alter, they don't develop. (Even the well-acted Prospects Theater production televised here by PBS, couldn't sustain interest.) Ellis Rabb, the director, apparently thought of the play as flowing sculpture. Faces were painted with statuary silver highlights, the costumes (by Nancy Potts) looked like late Eisenstein, movement was virtually continuous and sinuous. (Likewise the music by Bob James.) There was much banner-waving in lieu of scenery—the scenic reliance was on David F. Segal's lighting within black drapes—and the general intent seemed to be sleight-of-hand: if we keep things flowing and unfurling, with music behind it all, maybe we can make people believe it's highly dramatic. The main reason for the revival of *Edward II* (I've now seen it three times in one year—enough for a lifetime) is apparently the new permissiveness about homosexuality: relations between Edward and Gaveston can now be treated frankly. But frankness doesn't make Marlowe's play any better than it has made others, and the Edward (Norman Snow) and Gaveston (Peter Dvorsky) were two-dimensionally unhelpful. The Company's best woman, Mary-Joan Negro, had some appeal in her early scenes as the Queen, but Negro has a touch of the fishwife in her speech and movement that progressively interfered. The Company's best man—best actor of all—Sam Tsoutsouvas provided the only strength as rebellious Mortimer. Tsoutsouvas has a real theater voice, a sense of address and line, and real discrimination in the "choices" he makes all through a performance.

Next came one of the worst directed shows I have ever seen in a "full scale professional" production, the Company's rendition of Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*. The execrable director was Jack O'Brien. Ludicrous clumsiness marked the movement, absence of any Saroyan mood marked the tone. The play itself is increasingly dubious fare except as a vehicle for a Joe capable of barroom glamour and mystery. Nicholas Surovy, the Joe here, had none. Norman Snow, a grimacer, grimaced some more as Tom, his sidekick. Rosato was unbearable as Mary L. LuPone, who might have been good as Kitty Duval, the tart, was coarse and unaffecting: I blame the director because LuPone had been at least adequate. Schramm gave us more of his *Robber Bridegroom* rustic as Kit Carson. I found it very hard to sit through this production.

Their performance of Chekhov's *Three Sisters* was minimally better—it was better directed by Boris Tumarin—but because of the difference in the stature of the plays, it was even harder to sit through. Rosato's Olga was all surface. LuPone's Irina was a rough sketch for a performance that, in a better environment, might thrive. Negro's Masha had occasional flashes of validity but not the requisite depth, and again the fishwife peered through occasionally. Tsoutsouvas, the Solonyi, was excellent. The best of the others,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vershinin and Andrey, were at passable drama-school level. The play began, continued and ended; but Chekhov was very far away.

The Acting Company proves that the practice of repertory, utterly laudable as such, is no guarantee of quality, not even of movement *toward* quality. The actors are more experienced than when I first saw them, but in no substantive way are they better. Here are, in my view, some reasons. They don't develop, individually and as an ensemble, because there is no director: there are numerous directors, a new one for almost every show. In theater history the best companies have developed under one director or under a very few directors of like mind and talent. Further they are enslaved by the big part/small part alternation idea that allegedly is a cornerstone of repertory. (It isn't.) What was gained by wasting Tsoutsouvas as the pinball player in *The Time of Your Life*? Surovy will never be right in the role, and Tsoutsouvas might at least have made the play endurable.

Also the group seem to have misguided loyalties. They need better actors. They need to drop some and acquire others. The exercise of repertory will not, it now seems clear, improve some of them. (Are promising subsequent graduates of Juilliard being recruited?) Devotion to repertory and to touring is essential and admirable, but insufficient. None of these four productions is good, and with the relatively better ones—Marlowe and Chekhov—the cold consolation is the abstract knowledge that they are part of a plan, that these actors did something else last night and will do something else tomorrow. But one's happiness about forms of theater organization is limited by the instance on view at the moment.

The Acting Company is widely and eagerly booked. This is good news in the sense that it affirms the existence of a theater audience throughout this country and the growth of interest in the repertory idea. But that audience deserves better than what this group is giving them or shows promise of giving them. The Acting Company marches across the continent advancing the flag of—at their highest reach—mediocrity.

Coming

I. A. Richards
on
Walter De la Mare

Not every Chardonnay bears our distinctive French nose.

Swirl it in your glass. Sniff. The nose tells you this is Almadén, an authentic Chardonnay with the decidedly French "fresh apple" aroma.

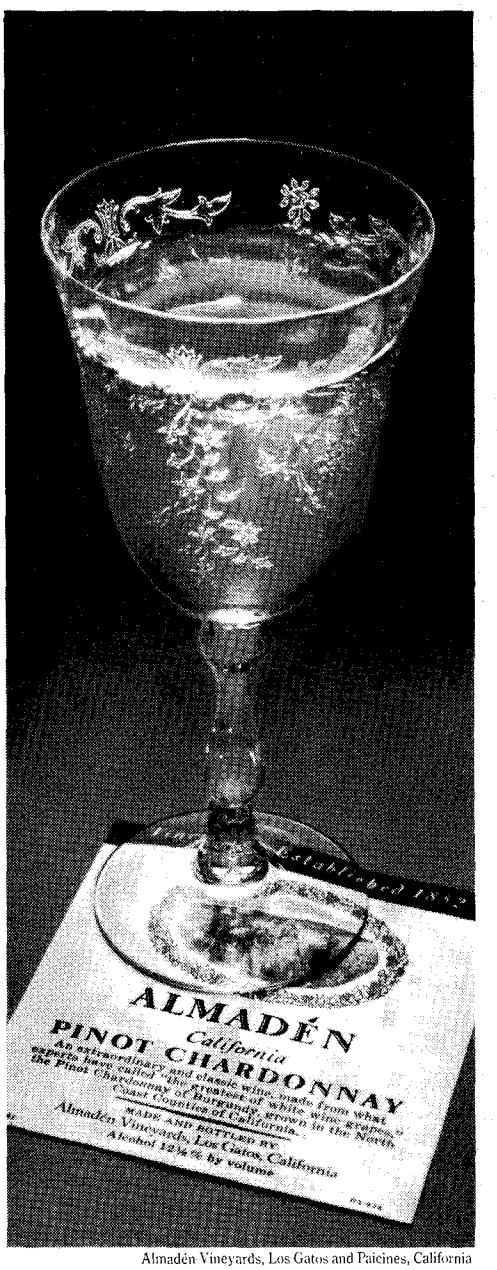
Truly it is the ultimate in still white wines, for our Pinot Chardonnay originates from the same grape that even now creates the most expensive white wines of France.

A shy, temperamental grape that does poorly in most areas, the proud Pinot Chardonnay matures to glorious perfection on the sunny hillsides within the Almadén region of Northern California. Here it produces a golden fresh wine, a rare joy to be sipped and studied, not merely swallowed.

Almadén Pinot Chardonnay. It bears a lesson one never tires of learning.

Only a fine grape can produce a fine wine.

Almadén



Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE YEAR'S BOOKS

(Part II)

Frank E. Manuel on History

A great 18th-century cliometrician named Voltaire, anonymously writing a work entitled *God and Men*, had occasion to list what he called "Christian barbarities" in page after page of massacres, recorded by centuries, from the time of Christ until his own day. It was his conclusion that *in toto* Christianity was accountable for 9,468,800 deaths. I have never had reason to doubt his figures, and my faith in his method is so strong that I am prepared to accept any sophisticated numerical analysis of past phenomena. I approach mathematico-historical studies such as Robert William Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman's work on American slavery dramatically labeled *Time on the Cross* (Little, Brown; Vol. I, $4.95; Vol. II, $6.95 paper), or the equally provocative *The Rebellious Century 1830-1930*, (Harvard Univ. Press; $15) an account of violence in France, Italy and Germany by the three Tillys (Charles, Louise and Richard), with total suspension of disbelief. Others may carp over refinements of technique in their estimates of these books. I am overwhelmed by the quantity of new data unearthed from archives and am appreciative whenever new kinds of source materials enlarge the historians' vision. I share the mathematician Poincaré's suspicion of sciences that are bogged down in methodological considerations and produce paltry results.

In the last decade, quantitative history has lived up to its name. Starting with some halting attempts in the 1950s in the United States, it is reaching the proportions of an avalanche. An international conference was held on "History and the Computer" at Uppsala in Sweden in June 1973. The Princeton University Press has recently published a volume on *The New Urban History: Quantitative Explorations by American Historians* (1975; $17.50), which covers subjects as varied as "Urbanization and Slavery: The Issue of Compatibility," by Claudia Dale Gordon, and "Urbanization and Inventiveness in the United States, 1870-1920," by Robert Higgs. A *Historical Methods Newsletter* regularly reports on triumphs in the field. In fact one may begin to speak of a Galilean revolution in history. The proponents of the numerical dimension of things are making a serious attack on the flabby form of Clio. Many general historians are unaware of the full force of the onslaught, because the cliometric discipline has begun to separate itself off, to publish special journals, to prefer the article to the book, and to develop a private language of neologisms. But there is every reason to believe that in a scientific-technical civilization this truly new history with its mathematical equations may soon shove into oblivion the history that abides by the Gospel according to St. John and still holds that in the beginning was the word. Impressionistic, evocative, subjective, emotive history may go down the drain. If the cliometricians prevail, the pregnant ambiguities of Gibbon, the moving resurrections of Michelet, the empathy of Dilthey, the urbanity of Burckhardt will be sicklied over with the pale cast of tables and graphs.

I have chosen to concentrate on the works of Fogel and Engerman and the Tillys because they are outstanding exemplars of this new history. I do not wish to follow the way of those who would destroy novel historical methods by selecting as their victims the weaker and more fragile reeds. These are respectworthy antagonists the power of whose weaponry demands that they be taken seriously. The fact that their science is likely to triumph over human, personalized, "eventual" history can be looked upon as a symptom of the victory of techniques over historiography as a bastion of verbal culture.

In this piece I shall be acting primarily as a reporter telling what I have learned from these two books and leaving to the reader to answer for himself the overriding question as to whether the monumental technological apparatus,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

involving whole teams of workers, is justified by the products. I shall be staying close to the formulations of the authors themselves. In both books the overt rebelliousness of men is an issue—remarkable for its absence in one case, for its presence in the other.

Fogel and Engerman demonstrate that slavery was not a system irrationally preserved by plantation owners who failed to perceive or were indifferent to their best economic interests. Far from it. They were, it seems, ideal "economic men" acting with perfect consciousness of their interests. Southern slave agriculture was 35 percent more efficient than the Northern style of family farming. Buying a slave compared favorably with the most outstanding investment opportunities in manufacturing. Moreover our views of slave punishment should be radically revised. On one plantation where figures were kept, "an average of 0.7 whippings per hand per year" were administered. The slave family was a nuclear institution, not very different from the white one. As for the material conditions of slave life, if measured in terms of dietary intake they compared positively with those of the free industrial worker. (The energy value of a slave's diet exceeded that of a free man of 1879 by 10 percent.) Slaves were exploited, to be sure, but not as much, statistically, as has been imagined. ("On average, 12 percent of the value of the income produced by slaves was expropriated by their masters.")

The authors freely recognize that they have no way of measuring the irksome "psychological factor." Their reduction of controls in the slave system to a delicately balanced mixture of whipping and pecuniary rewards, both amenable to counting, purports to explain the absence of rebellion. The intricate fabric of psychological factors operating on all sides is eliminated *a priori* because it cannot be treated numerically. Here lies the fatal flaw of this new history. Some of us would rather have intuitive understanding of a relationship than this economist's pat formula for human motivation, however complex the equations that buttress it.

Unlike the American Negro slaves, who had no opportunity for rebellious self-expression in terms that could be subjected to Fogel and Engerman's statistical apparatus, the Tilly's 19th-century Frenchmen were frequent participants in measurable acts of collective violence. (Of course the low figure for public violence among the slaves in America may have ultimately been compensated in the divine order by that one great bloodbath of the Civil war, but that has no intrinsic relationship with an objective mathematical study of pre-war Negro slavery.) "With due allowance for the repeaters who participated in encounter after encounter," the Tillys inform us, "the data make it appear possible that as many as one Frenchman out of a hundred took part in a collective action producing violence at some time during the average decade."

The Tillys are actively engaged in fighting two substantial bogies: one is the Durkheim thesis that the condition of rootlessness is conducive to collective violence; the other, that Marxist solidarity and class-consciousness engendered periodic collective violence in the form of bread riots in the 18th century, Ludditism in the early 19th, and revolutionary strikes later in the century. Instead of these two competitive theses explanatory of public violence, which are not borne out by the graphs, the Tillys reach the unexceptionable political conclusion that "Throughout the two centuries the struggle to acquire or maintain established places in the structure of power, and thus gain control over their own existence, brought different groups of Frenchmen into violent conflict with one another."

The data on which the Tillys base their conclusions for Italy and Germany are as quantitative and as impeccably processed as the French material. There are periods of violence in which the lines on the graphs go up and periods of relative calm when they descend. These do not correlate with wholesale price indices, criminal convictions, migration or changes in national income. As might be expected, "the curves of incidents, participants, and arrests resemble one another." Charles Tilly explains to his idiotic reader: "there can be no participants without incidents, and the number of participants limits the number of arrests." The book abounds in insights that may at first glance be puzzling: "A France with a more independent military might well resemble Spain or Argentina." One is reminded of the equally valid generalization that if grandmother had four wheels she would be a carriage. Sometimes the Tillys level with their readers and confide doubts and perplexity about their own data. During the period of the Paris Commune the curve of participants in violent actions shows the substantial upswing one might anticipate, but the number of incidents and the volume of arrests are relatively low. Like real scientists, they do not let baffling counter-indications of this sort remain unexamined. They dig further until they discover that the bulk of the arrests growing out of the Commune were made after the fighting had stopped and thus they do not appear statistically in their proper place.

The Tillys are well aware that in this new history the phenomenology of an event is effaced, but they have made peace with their choice. "Practically speaking, it is hard to find a mind or method capable of dealing both with the richness of the individual case and with the common properties of many cases." This leads me back to the truly impressive work of Fogel and Engerman. As with the Tillys, their capital is the exposure of what they conceive to be ignorant beliefs, wrongheaded, biased historical perceptions, which they controvert under the glaring spotlight of hard facts. But what do the facts illuminate? Not a particular historical experience, only a statistically manipulated one, not a phenomenon with a name and place, only a generalized condition that is measurable with selected tools.

Asia
and the Road Ahead
Issues for the Major Powers
ROBERT A. SCALAPINO
One of the most influential authorities on the Asian scene forcasts the years ahead — a major work that cannot be ignored. This book is a *tour de force* in the scope and content of its analysis of international relations and issues in the Pacific-Asia theater.
447 pages, map, $10.95
At bookstores
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
Berkeley • Los Angeles • New York • London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I readily grant the perfection of the method, but when it can yield nothing more than a formula or a ratio, a relationship, a comparison of incomparables, are we getting the stuff of history? The terrible Civil war in the United States is not made one whit more understandable by the figures of plantation economy when the numbers are abstracted from a whole culture that was not only a material one. The Lockian position that the historian or the philosopher should cast his plumb line near shore where he can readily take soundings and not risk the unfathomable depths ends up in the impoverishment of the historical imagination. In isolating and treating measurable data, the cliometricians are attempting to imitate real honest-to-goodness scientists. They are using refined technical instruments to measure historical experiences that cannot be boxed off. Their discrete tests cannot be added one to another. In Fogel and Engerman's work I see no feeling for historical process, merely an attempt to solve a puzzle in which the authors have defined the terms and set up the rules of the game.

On a day in November of 1963 I was lunching with Charles Tilly and listening to his plans for a quantitative study of French strikes in the 19th century. Back in the 1930s I had written a monograph about a textile strike in Lodève, and I jestingly inquired how Tilly would reduce "my strike" for one of his computer cards. At precisely that moment, the present editor of *The New Republic* burst into the Harvard Faculty Club to tell us that Kennedy had been assassinated. That was an *event*, the primal stuff of history. De-personalized quantitative history is merely doing to the past what we are doing to ourselves in the present.

Frank E. Manuel is Kenan Professor of History at New York University and has published extensively on the history of Western culture.

Is your belief in open housing a lot of . . . .
or is it for real? MONEY real?
Act to end segregation by lending money to OPEN -- a non-profit mortgage fund providing modest cost loans for pro-integration housing moves.
For facts about OPEN's $500 Debentures write:
James Farmer & Morris Milgram
1914 Conn Av Wash DC 20009

Alfred Kazin on Fiction

Ragtime (Random House; $8.95) is a historical confection with covertly sentimental "left" overtones, a made-to-order best seller, as sure-fire a product as anything from Neil Simon or Yves Saint-Laurent. William Gaddis' *JR* (Knopf; $15, $5.95 paper) is a monster of an "advanced" novel out of *Ulysses* and Dos Passos' *USA*, found on the merciless truth that Americans talk about nothing so much as money, that everything else in our harried land is sooner or later converted into pretentious and/or deceitful figures. So what can these two novels have in common? The answer is American technical savvy and skill, a profound acquaintance with 20th-century techniques in fiction and elsewhere. It is the instant expertise that one finds in the comic juxtapositions of Bellow's *Humboldt's Gift* (Viking; $10), the stylistic razzle-dazzle of Leonard Michaels' *I Would Have Saved Them If I Could* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95), the historical density of Larry Woiwode's *Beyond The Bedroom Wall* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.50), the subtlety of Maureen Howard's *Before My Time* (Little Brown; $6.95) the unconscious meretriciousness of Judith Rossner's *Looking For Mr. Goodbar* (Simon & Schuster; $7.95), the super-elegant hokum of James Salter's *Light Years* (Random House; $7.95).

The wit, mental speed, ingenuity—above all the sheer *amount* of experience so easily disposed of! Our contemporary post-modernist poets absorbed "style" as dutifully as engineers learn the higher math. Now our novelists seem to have learned every possible trick of stylistic mimicry, character "handling" and time perspective. There is in most of these books the savage sophistication that in "top-flight" scientists and corporation executives is born of the relentless day to day competitiveness of mind with mind.

And like so many American skills, the really keen novelists have a big market. First novels can hardly get published, publishers and public alike are indifferent to most novelists. But though the "big" novels of the year are as ridiculously overpriced as Gerald Ford, they *are* welcomed by a public that shares so much scornful knowledge of American society and is understandably awed by so much skill.

Humboldt's Gift, for example, sums up and perhaps seals off the "Jewish novel" by showing, finally, that its real subject is the Jewish writer himself. The poet Delmore Schwartz, the most talented and the most miserable figure of Bellow's generation, is one focus. Bellow eternally self-resurrected by his prodigious gifts is the other. Of course Bellow has played Herzog, Henderson, Sammler, as here he plays "Charles Citrine," cuckold and martyr. But Citrine is writer first. The real gist of the novel, as it was of that beautiful poet and unspeakably thwarted personality Delmore Schwartz, is eloquence, winged talk, the true intellectual as world builder through his passion for literature, art and American low life. *Humboldt* is a brilliantly joyous performance that reads as if Bellow were not just writing about his friends but *to* them. It is monologue at the most ecstatic heights of self-confidence—a great shower of witty transpositions from real life and real people. The always autobiographical Bellow has become history-in-the-flesh to an audience that identifies *his* life-history with its own, and is grateful for so much tearing wit and reckless improvisation.

All comments on *Humboldt*, nevertheless, are about performance. Some like it hot, some think it cold. The plot is a joke in the best sense. There is really nothing to say about it except what the book says in every line: Bellow had a great time writing it and Delmore Schwartz did not live in vain.

But at least the people in *Humboldt* are drawn from real life: *i.e.*, a life that has been lived between people. This cannot be said of the characters in either so synthetic a psychodrama as *Looking For Mr. Goodbar* or in so wildly extended a talkfest as *JR*. Of course these books are not alike except in their lack of human beings. Rossner's perspective on her unfortunate heroine who picks up one night stands and dies of one is that of a psychiatric social worker. We live in a society marked by compulsive loneliness and sexual aggression. To kill the woman you have made "love" to is in the pattern of our increasing confusion. But there is no one in *Looking For Mr. Goodbar* who is more real than a picture in the paper, more real than still another explanation by a columnist, no one who is near our necessary attention. That, beside the ultimate scene of intercourse ending in murder, intercourse *as* murder (and where the woman is not altogether

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unconsenting), is another reason why the book sold before it was read. These people are just some more American statistics. We do not get involved.

William Gaddis is an extraordinarily gifted, obsessive novelist, as creatively loony as the Joyce he adores. He is an amazing throwback to the days when a novelist might well feel that life was worthless compared with a masterpiece. *JR* is Gaddis' second novel, is like nothing else around, and is not a masterpiece. It is a wild mimicry of American speech, American advertising, finagling, shysterism, self deceit and with relentless concentration on one subject, describes the magnification of money in our lives and the autonomous mechanics behind our incessant arithmetic. No other American novel of recent years except *Gravity's Rainbow* has this scope, this ambition out of the '20s to do a whole civilization in one novel. But Gaddis is so keen a social critic, so imploded by the rule of money over our lives, our speech, our beds, that for all his energy and humor, I read his book with stupefaction that a man could write a novel of almost 800 pages about people who are just so many comic strips.

Where does this increasing awfulness of people in our fiction come from? Why is it not present in Doris Lessing, V.S. Naipaul, Isaac Bashevis Singer? There is a good deal of love and sympathy in Larry Woiwode's panoramic *Beyond The Bedroom Wall*. In one of the best of recent novels, Maureen Howard's *Before My Time*, one is roused continually by her being so *near* her characters. In some odd way she even wants to protect them. But too many current works of fiction seem to proceed from some abstract ideological rejection of American life that I find repellent in its intellectual pride.

It is impossible, with the smoothest technique in the world, to write a lasting novel about people whom the writer somehow sees totally as examples of a horrible society. Maureen Howard's *Before My Time* is not as ostentatiously bravura a performance as *Humboldt* or *JR*. But in describing the effect of one down-at-heels Irish family upon a woman of extraordinary sensibility, Howard does make you feel that people are still more important to each other, that they think more intensely about each other than they do anything else all day. This is accomplished in *Before My Time* without the slightest sentimentality or excess of manner. It may be that every civilization gets the literature it *lives*, the literature it deserves. The brilliance of so many of our novels goes hand in hand with a lot of prefabricated thinking. There is some maddened heartlessness, some savage rejection of too many people at once, that I find frightening.

Alfred Kazin's most recent book is *Bright Book of Life: American Novelists & Storytellers from Hemingway to Mailer* (Atlantic Monthly Press).

Maggie Scarf on the Behavioral Sciences

Perversion: The Erotic Form of Hatred, by Robert J. Stoller, MD, (Pantheon; $10) has a plum brown dust cover upon which the main title—*Perversion*—appears in bright red letters, and the subtitle in no less glaring yellow ones. The reader is advised, therefore, against carrying it upon his or her lap on the subway (as this reviewer thoughtlessly did). Aside from this one minor proviso, however, this book is to be recommended most heartily. It is an elegant and subtle disquisition upon the essential "meaning" of the sexual perversions; and its author is that rare bird, a distinguished scientific authority who seems to revel and pleasure in the uses of language.

Stoller's book is not, as should be made clear at once, a catalogue of sexual esoterica in the manner of Krafft-Ebing—nor is it a compendium of hints and tips for the sexually jaded. (Indeed, if you are seeking technical information of this sort, you'll find precious little of it in these pages.) *Perversion* is, instead, a leisurely theoretical exploration of this "commonality," *i.e.*, the common clinical features, to be found in *all* of the perverse sexual practices—no matter how distinct and different they might appear to be on the surface. This factor is, according to the author, hostility—a masked but powerful drive for the avenging of an ancient wrong.

What perversion always involves, says Stoller, who is a psychiatrist, psychoanalyst and an expert on sex and gender identity, is someone harming someone else. The "harm" may be done in fairly gross and obvious ways, or in fantasy; but the perversion itself is an eroticized expression of hatred. The need to hurt is, indeed, a part of the hidden agenda of the perverse individual: it is the element necessary for sexual arousal and for the achievement of orgastic pleasure. "Think of the perversions with which you are familiar," he writes, "necrophilia, fetishism, rape, sex murder, sadism, masochism, voyeurism, pedophelia—and many more. In each is found . . . hostility, revenge, triumph and a dehumanized object."

What leads to the perverse individual's "choice" of his or her particular sexual script? Why does the pedophiliac always become enflamed by the foot rather than the person; why must the transsexual array himself in female clothing in order to achieve sexual potency? What leads to the elaboration of a particular sexual protocol, such as one described by Stoller, in which a woman patient of his experienced periodic buildups of tension that culminated in her going out to burglarize a family home and afterwards picking up a man in a bar, accompanying him to a hotel, and engaging in a savage act of intercourse? According to the physician, such perverse "story lines" are rooted in infantile emotional trauma. They have arisen within the context of a family dynamic which was, for the child, both exciting and evocative of great terror and fear.

Whatever the early childhood conflict might have been, it is memorialized and preserved in the person's particular sexual ritual: the perverse practice is, itself, the reenactment of the terrifying infantile experience. The perversion is, in other words, "a reliving of actual historical sexual trauma aimed at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crispina found a friend

One who is helping her survive

Crispina Aguilar's case is typical.

Her father works long hours as a sharecropper despite a chronic pulmonary condition that saps his strength. Her mother takes in washing whenever she can. Until recently, the total income of this family of six was about $13.00 a month. Small wonder that they were forced to subsist on a diet of unpolished rice, swamp cabbage, and tiny fish the children seine from a nearby river.

Now Crispina enjoys the support of a Foster Parent in Tennessee whose contribution of sixteen dollars a month assures Crispina and her entire family of better food and health care. And, when Crispina is old enough, the help of her Foster Parent will give her a chance for an education, an opportunity to realize whatever potential she has to offer to this world.

How can such a small monthly contribution do so much in the life of Crispina's family? In the underdeveloped countries where Foster Parents Plan is at work, the need is so great, the poverty so deep, that very few dollars can make a tremendous difference. In fact, with PLAN programs and services in place, the very communities where Foster Children live are aided toward self-improvement.

To become a Foster Parent is a special responsibility . . . and a most rewarding one. You become an influence in shaping the life of your Foster Child. You come to know the child through photos and a regular exchange of letters. Progress reports show you vividly how much good your contribution is doing. Of the many fine causes that ask for your support, few can offer you such a tangible and immediate way to help others.

Today, more than ever, people like you are needed to join in this wonderful work. Hundreds of children wait in desperate, often shocking, circumstances for a Foster Parent to offer them a hand toward a decent life.

Please join us if you can . . . or let us send you more details about how PLAN is working around the world.

NR-X-N225

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, Inc.

Box 403, Warwick, Rhode Island 02887

YES, I would like to know more about becoming a Foster Parent.
Please send me the full facts ☐.
I am ready now to become a Foster Parent to a boy ☐ girl ☐ age ____
country _____ or whoever you feel needs me most ☐.
Please send a photo and case history of the Foster Child. Enclosed is my first contribution ☐ $16 monthly, ☐ $48 quarterly, ☐ $192 annually.
I can't become a Foster Parent now. I enclose a gift of $_____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ DATE _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

In Canada, write 153 St. Clair Ave. West, Toronto, Ontario M4V 1P8

Foster Parents Plan operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ethiopia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, Haiti, and the Philippines. All contributions are tax deductible. Foster Parents Plan, Inc. is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization.

precisely one's sex (an anatomical state) or gender identity (masculinity or femininity). . . ." In the repetition of the drama, however, the long-ago event—in which the child experienced himself as overwhelmed—is erased. "This time," writes Stoller, "trauma is turned into pleasure, orgasm, victory. But the need to do it again—unendingly, eternally again in the same manner—comes from one's inability to get rid of the danger, the trauma. . . ."

The intelligence and force of Stoller's writing-style cannot, I fear, be conveyed by the brief quotes given here; nor can the sheer pleasure of his theoretical fireworks be summarized very handily. Let me say only that there are two long discussions—of homosexuality and of transsexuality—that I would commend as noteworthy; and that the book closes with a somewhat quixotic chapter entitled: "The Necessity of Perversion."

A practice of quite another sort—the practice of meditation—is the subject-matter of Dr. Herbert Benson's new book *The Relaxation Response* (William Morrow; $5.95). Anyone who is alive in the year 1975, and who is not presently a meditator, ought to be kind to himself or herself and go out and buy this book. It is the wisest move you could possibly make, both from the point of view of bodily health and from an "emotional welfare" point of view as well.

The relaxation response of which Dr. Benson writes can best be described as "transcendental meditation without the beads." Benson, a member of the Harvard faculty and a cardiologist at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston, has been engaged in studies of the physiological responses to meditation ever since the late 1960s. His interest in meditative practices arose during a time when he was investigating the ways in which stresses in the environment acted upon the circulatory system and the heart in order to bring about diseases and malfunctions—such as hypertension (high blood pressure) and heart-attack. This concern kindled a curiosity about the reverse side of the question: how might self-induced states of bodily relaxation be used to modify or control conditions such as hypertension?

Early laboratory studies of physiological responses to meditation, carried out by Benson and his colleagues (with transcendental meditators as the subjects) demonstrated that the daily practice of the routine would, over time, have a predictable reducing-effect upon the individual's blood-pressure. Curiously enough, however, there was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no change during the period of time when the person was actually engaged in meditating. The change simply took place during the weeks subsequent to the time when he or she had begun the regular practice. And, if the person *stopped* the meditation-routine, his or her blood-pressure returned to "Go" within a period of days or weeks thereafter.

But there were, Benson noted, many physiological changes that did occur during the meditation-period itself. One was a decrease in the rate of oxygen consumption. This was dramatic, for the subject's O_2 consumption tended to fall—after only three minutes of meditation—to a rate which is less than half that generally seen after a full eight hours of sleep. There was, as well, a measurable increase in the density of *alpha* waves, the slow brain waves which are associated with subjective states of "floating," "feeling good," "feeling utterly relaxed." The investigators recorded, furthermore, a marked drop in blood lactate during meditation—and this is a chemical in the bloodstream which appears to bear some strong relation to states of anxiety.

A number of other physiological indicators also seemed to support the notion that meditation elicited a bodily state characterized by low metabolism without loss of consciousness; a state that was restful, as sleep is restful, yet was different from sleep—because the individual was awake. Benson and his associates began to think of it as integrated bodily reaction which was the direct opposite of the "fight or flight" response or reaction. (This is, of course, the body's immediate response to situations of threat or danger: it involves a host of instantaneous internal adjustments, such as an outpouring of adrenalin and an increase of sugar in the bloodstream—to provide energy—that prepare the individual to flee or to face an aggressor.)

Benson's meticulous laboratory studies eventually led him to the realization that TM was but one amidst a wide variety of techniques that could successfully evoke this "deeply relaxed but wakeful" bodily state. Indeed, as he observed, many of these techniques had long been incorporated into religious practices both of Eastern and of Western origin. The author has now worked out his own "non-cultic laboratory method" for eliciting the relaxation response—and this method has already been carefully studied in his laboratory. It works. It's good for you. And, at $5.95, it's literally the best bargain in town.

If there were a "tome of the year" award it would go, undoubtedly, to Edward O. Wilson's *Sociology: The New Synthesis* (Harvard University Press; $20) which weighs in at 697 pages. This impressive, scholarly and currently quite controversial work is in the nature of an overview and a bringing-together of data and materials from several distinct scientific disciplines—mainly animal behavior, population genetics and ecology. Professor Wilson's purpose, in bringing these disparate areas of sciences under the "roof" of a single volume, is to encourage the view that there are evolutionary principles or "laws" underlying the social behaviors in species ranging all the way from the social insects to Man.

According to Wilson, a Harvard biologist, environmental pressures have shaped and moulded social behaviors in much the same way that they have acted to shape the body forms and structures of the different species. A tendency to behave in certain ways is, he suggests, as heritable as a physical characteristic such as size. In both cases—*i.e.*, the behavioral and the physical trait—the characteristic has become programmed into the species, because it was adaptive; it promoted survival, and the passing-on of the same or similar behavioral and physical characteristics.

Certain clearly observable social behaviors do not, of course, promote survival in the strict Darwinian sense—which is the ability to survive and reproduce one's own genes, and the ability of one's offspring to do so, etc. The young warrior who rushes into battle and dies in defense of his people is displaying a puzzling kind of social behavior if one observes it from an evolutionary point of view. But this behavior, which Wilson terms "altruism," may have been programmed into our species because it promoted survival of that warrior's close kin, those who partook of his own gene-pool. Such behavior might, therefore, be an adaptive mechanism for promoting survival of those groups who shared this genetic tendency.

The behavior of the warrior, notes Wilson, bears a functional similarity to that of the honeybee who, in stinging an intruder, is committing a suicidal act; the bee will perish in defense of the hive. In both instances, he suggests, the behavior of the individual promotes survival of the group, and thereby enhances the group's "inclusive fitness." Such "kin selection," while it may not promote the individual species-member's own survival, acts to insure his genetic representation in the succeeding generation. This is the reason why, theorizes Wilson, such social behaviors have been "selected for" over the course of evolutionary history.

The concept of "inclusive fitness" is one of the important themes in this work; but Wilson's book is rich with a great number of other interesting hypotheses and ideas; and with some fascinating scientific evidence that has either suggested or supports them. Sociobiology is, in fact, like a vast prairie of scientific information, across which the reader can roam and graze at will. Here you can read about the behavior of the social insects, about animal communication, about the inevitability of parent-offspring competition (I continue to love my children, anyhow). In the end, one is left with a slight dissatisfaction and sense of puzzlement.

For, when Wilson tries to bridge the great gap between the lower species and *Homo Sapiens*, his tone of authority seems to falter. Either he has chosen poor examples of the ways in which understanding of the genetic bases of human behavior might be applied to the study of our social existence, or there are no better examples that he can cite. (If the latter is true, then Sociobiology—as a scientific discipline—may be promising more than it can deliver.) At any rate, the ones he uses are far from elegant; and I'm not sure how useful these biological tools will be when one attempts to use them in explaining the complexities of human social functioning.

To take an instance Wilson observes that a behavior such as homosexuality—which exists throughout the animal world—was very possibly programmed into the human species because homosexuals played a "nurturant," supportive social role. This input of nurturance served, in turn, to enhance

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS
. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107
EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the group's "inclusive fitness," and therefore to ensure the passing-on of the shared genetic tendency to display homosexual behaviors. All well and good if one could point to any evidence whatsoever that homosexuals had, in those societies where the practice was common and widespread, ever filled nurturant, supportive roles. This was certainly not the case among the ancient Greeks. (One eminent biologist with whom I discussed the matter told me that Sioux Indian homosexuals were made to dress in women's clothing and to perform women's work: "But," he added with a smile, "there can't have been more than six or seven of them in all of Sioux history!")

I am not, in this review, going to sail into the current dispute about whether or not Professor Wilson is engaged in making unethical "genetic prophecies"—about the naturally subordinate role of the female, about the heritability of intelligence, or allied quarrels. My objections are less on idealogical than on esthetic grounds, for some of his statements have a random-sounding, dubious quality. When he remarks, for instance, that the "transition from purely phenomenological to fundamental theory in sociology must await a full neuronal explanation of the human brain," I have no idea what he means. For who believes that a full understanding of the human brain is ever going to be achieved? Most experts, at least so far as I am aware, think it likely that the brain—which must, of course, make use of itself as the organ or "tool" of knowing—is not equal to the task of self-knowledge. It is not powerful enough, hasn't the degree of sophistication necessary for truly apprehending itself: one would have to have a higher system of understanding, a "super brain" of some sort to make possible the complete comprehension of our own. If the fruits of any science, social or otherwise, must await "full neuronal understanding," this must imply a very long wait indeed.

Maggie Scarf is currently a Nieman Fellow at Harvard.

Ezra Jack Keats on Children's Books

Here I am, on the other side of the fence. For the past 20 years I've read reviews of my books, experiencing during that time the entire gamut of emotions from dark despair to sweet euphoria.

When the reviews are favorable I appreciate the wisdom and astuteness of the critic. When they are unfavorable I recall what Isaac Bashevis Singer said: That one of the many rewards of writing books for children is that children don't read reviews. Yes, how true—they go to the shelves and find what they like. They read and reread the books until they are worn out, discarded and reordered—endowing upon their favorites an awesome longevity. I know of a little girl who wrote to Laura Ingalls Wilder, who died nearly two decades ago—

Dear Laura Ingalls Wilder,

I know you are dead, but I just had to write you, and ask you this question. . .

Then why review children's books? The reasons are many. One, to keep an open (and hopefully honest) dialogue between adults—to raise our awareness through this forum, of the quality of each year's books that play such an important role in the development of our children's lives. Another most crucial consequence of reviews is the eventual purchase of the books by bookshops, schools and libraries, from which children can make their selections. (I've been told that about 80 percent of all children's books are bought by schools and libraries, the rest by individuals—parents, friends, etc. Quite a comment on a society glutted with TV sets, cars, transistor radios and over-elaborate toys.)

Some years ago in a bookshop, I witnessed a most wonderful way to give children books. A little boy had been given five dollars (way back in pre-inflation days!) and was told he could spend it on any book or books he liked. It was great to see him select, consider and reconsider what he liked and what he was able to buy. One hard cover and one or two paperbacks? Or four paperbacks? When he had finally made his selection he was the proud possessor of books he really wanted, and he appreciated their value. Try it with a child. It will be a rewarding experience for you both.

Of course, the production costs of books have soared with the cost of living. How do the prices of say, toys compare with those of books? I made a little list while shopping for both toys and books for some young friends of mine. There was a battery driven fire engine made of tin and a fragile superstructure of plastic—$10.95. Horse stable with small horses and four two-inch figures—$36.95. Musical ferris wheel—$45.00. Yes, there were less expensive toys like a small tractor for $7.95. I in no way wish to demean the pleasure a child can and should have with toys. But when compared to the deep inner experience and lasting effect a book offers, the current prices of books are modest indeed.

These selections are a sampling of the variety of children's picture books available, and in the Christmas spirit, books that I am happy to say good things about.

Strega Nona, an old tale retold by Tomie de Paola (Prentice Hall; $6.95). Charmingly retold. A friendly, gnome-like witch, "Strega Nona" (grandmother witch), lives in a Calabrian town. Her newly hired helper, Big Anthony, proves unreliable and succumbs to curiosity and a desire to show off to the townsfolk by offering them magically created pasta. A sort of Italian "Sorcerer's Apprentice," unleashing a sea of pasta. The village is finally saved, and the tale ends with poor Big Anthony as the object of an amusing moral.

Creepy Castle by John S. Goodall (Atheneum, a Margaret K. McElderry book; $4.95). A wordless book, in an unusual format. The adventures of a couple of medieval mice, replete with love, harrowing adventures, old-fashioned dungeons, dragons and bats, and a happy ending.

The Night Rider by Aingelda Ardizzoni (Windmill Press and E.P. Dutton; $5.95). The story of three dolls, worn out, and cast away. But fate delivers them into the arms of a new and loving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friend. Edward Ardizzoni, famous for his stories and illustrations, has illustrated this lovely book. His illustrations spring from humble and unpretentious values, and his book achieve a unity of earthy and humanistic qualities, so important and refreshing in our times.

About Owls by May Garelick, ill. by Tony Chen (Four Winds Press—a division of Scholastic; $6.95). An instructive, well-written and beautifully illustrated book about owls and their life styles. A handsome gift.

I'll Be the Horse if You'll Play with Me, story and pictures by Martha Alexander (Dial Press; $4.95). A charming, perceptive book about a little girl, her brothers, and their friends (human and feline). Their resourcefulness at play offers the reader gentle and amusing insights.

Hester, story and pictures by Byron Barton (Greenwillow Books; $6.95). A very funny book with wonderfully appropriate, zany illustrations about a crocodile (alligator? It doesn't matter), Halloween, parties and costumes in the big city. Byron Barton is a unique illustrator and story teller. His books, deceptively simple, are packed with surprises.

Double Dog Dare, written and illustrated by Ray Prather (Macmillan; $4.95). A humorous story about two boys, a dog and a little girl who saves the day. Told and illustrated with contemporary flare and subject matter.

The Czar of Saltan, Alexander Pushkin, ill. by the famous Russian painter of the earlier 20th century, I. Bilibin (Thomas Y. Crowell; $5.95). The forward tells us that "Pushkin was one of the first to bring the skazki, or wonder tales, out of the oral tradition and into the mainstream of Russian literature." (Bilibin's illustrations have been long suppressed for political reasons in the Soviet Union.) The Czar is separated from his wife and son during which time the Czarina's evil sisters connive to destroy the Czarina and the young prince. Their harrowing experiences are resolved through magical happenings and lead to a happy ending. The illustrations are superb, in the grand style of classic fairy tales.

When the Wind Stops by Charlotte Zolotow, ill. by Howard Knotts (Harper & Row; an Ursula Nordstrom book; $4.50). A gentle account told lovingly and rhythmically, about the timelessness and the self-renewal of life. Sensitive, black and white tonal pictures present a reassuring and poetic experience.

Best Counting Book Ever, by Richard Scarry (Random House; $3.95). Richard Scarry in top form. A jolly and vivid way to learn to count with delightful illustrations by Richard Scarry. I'm astonished at how he can cleverly include more and more elements to identify and count, finally up to 100! This picture book is recommended for all children of picture book age, especially those who are too young or too distracted for stories. His drawings could have been cute, but they're not. They're delightful!

Ezra Jack Keats is author and illustrator of children's books. His most recent book is *Louie* (Greenwillow Press).

Books Considered

Fra Angelico by John Pope-Hennessy

(Cornell University Press; $42.50)

The late Renato Poggioli used to open a seminar in criticism at Harvard by remarking that the best art critic he had ever encountered was a museum guide who knew precisely where a viewer should stand at every time of day in order to see a painting to its best advantage. This rather catchy metaphor did not, of course, obscure his assumption that the viewer was supposed (in Blake's even catchier phrase) to see through, not with, the eye. The aim was insight, and presumably a minimum of gabble.

The problem for most of us in achieving that kind of critical perception is nearly total: 99 percent of our daily looking teaches us that seeing with the eye reveals as much as seeing through it; the museum guides we meet are less interested in Michelangelo than in Catfish Hunter; and the nearest museums are across the ocean or at least on the other side of the park. For us, art is mainly found in books, and we have to accept whatever help we can get from a cicerone who has no choice but to make words do what Poggioli's idealized guide presumably did with a friendly nudge of elbow or pointed finger.

John Pope-Hennessy's second edition of his book on Fra Angelico (the first appeared in 1952) shows how well that can be done when a responsible publisher of art books (in this instance Phaidon) joins with a good university press (Cornell) to pay proper respect at once to an important early Renaissance painter and to 30 years of a fine scholar's affectionate attention. Even for the layman, the book is a pleasure.

The most immediate pleasure lies, of course, in the plates, 15 of them in what seems to me faithful color (there were only seven in the earlier edition), full-page black-and-white for the others which can more or less certainly be ascribed to Fra Angelico, and smaller reproduction of those now to be classed as "school of" or "assisted by" or "possibly in collaboration with." Next, the text: not what I would call distinctively graceful or lively, but capable prose performing its most useful function by resisting, in this edition even more carefully than in the first, those temptations particular to art historians—archness, unction and, above all, preciosity. The two decades between these editions make less difference in the style of statement, however, than in statement itself, and for anyone with time and a taste for sleuthery, the greatest pleasure comes from watching a fine scholar re-make his argument and deal with his peers, dead and alive.

In a kind of valetudinary some 20 years ago at the annual MLA meeting, Johns Hopkins' star linguist-critic, Leo Spitzer, talked about his years as a university student in Europe—how as one of hundreds he listened while lecturers fought long-distance battles with their colleagues in Zurich or Heidelberg, quite oblivious of audience or, if not oblivious, contemptuously indifferent. Almost inevitably, that must be the style of the art historian once he has satisfied his public obligations for a readable narrative. He is writing principally for a score or so "experts" like himself and for a somewhat larger circle around them—historians and critics of other periods and other figures, graduate students, the occasional amateur. If he has points to score—and there's not much sense in doing this kind of book otherwise, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no sense at all in doing a second edition—he must be at least as much logician as either historian or critic, and he must be almost obsessively aware that his worst enemy is likely to be exactly where Pogo found him. It is hard for even the most judicious to avoid claiming more rather than less for the subject of a quarter-century's reflection even when, as with Fra Angelico, less is more. And it may be even harder, having flouted temptation, not to make capital of one's superior restraint.

On that score, Pope-Hennessy is a gentleman, but—happily for the reader—not a saint. Unlike his subject, whom Vasari describes as never having painted a crucifixion without weeping profusely, Pope-Hennessy has quite unemotional ways of taking care of injudicious historians and critics. Occasionally his tone is sharp, as when he disposes of Salmi's ascription of one part of a painting to Piero della Francesca and his description of another part as having *qualche eco di Paola Uccello* in the terse comment: "There is no substance in either view." In the main, however, he lets critics knock each other out, reporting their concordant or opposing positions one after another and then—though not always—taking sides. Often the simple rehearsal speaks for itself: in art history more is conjectured than is certainly known.

All of this activity, of course, goes on in small print: not in footnotes—publishers are now too canny for that, and we can be grateful to them for separating general text from "apparatus"—but in the catalogue notes. Here, and in the important index, the art historian makes his mark, and here certainly Pope-Hennessy shows superbly well the difference between dryasdust pedantry and learning with high stakes. Consider, for example, his treatment of Berenson, a man whom no historian of the Renaissance can ignore but whom many have had reason enough (Kenneth Clark among them) to distrust. Berenson appears, indeed, in the opening sentence of the preface to this edition; he is the master, to whom one respectfully sends one's work for examination. He responds to the gift with a forked tongue and signs himself "Affectionately, B.B." Pope-Hennessy dissents decorously and with good humor and throughout the main text gives Berenson the respect due him. But the issue between them—what shall and shall not be ascribed to Fra Angelico—is not to be passed over. Facing page 202 there is a chart analyzing attributions of the frescoes at San Marco, made over a period of more than a half-century, from Langton Douglas in 1900 to Berenson himself in 1963. Almost without exception Berenson attributes the frescoes, even those of the cells, to Fra Angelico. With but one exception, Pope-Hennessy has not altered the view he held in 1952 about Fra Angelico's participation—"autograph" in some instances, the supplying of the cartoon in others, assistance in still others, nothing but "influence" in many.

The significance of this illustration, apart from the way it handles Berenson's practices, goes beyond the frescoes. By and large, as I suggested above, Pope-Hennessy's years of study have led him to diminish rather than increase the list of paintings which he is ready to label part of Fra Angelico's indisputable oeuvre. The result, not surprisingly, is a finer body of work and a clearer historical role for that surprising Dominican friar-painter who set a style—and a noble style it is—for centuries of religious painters to follow.

Of that style Pope-Hennessy does not say a great deal (though there are a few organ swells at beginning and end), but when his comment is esthetic it is helpful. Mainly the comment is not esthetic, however, and that may be even more useful. And most useful of all, of course, is the laboriously developed record of what he and a dozen others have done over the course of this century to bring to whatever attention we are able to give it a complete and satisfying account of one great painter.

Harold C. Martin

Harold C. Martin is president of the American Academy in Rome.

Amy: The World of Amy Lowell and The Imagist Movement by Jean Gould

(Dodd, Mead; $12.50)

"Arguing with her," Carl Sandburg once suggested, "was like arguing with a big blue wave." T. S. Eliot called her a "demon saleswoman" and Conrad Aiken dubbed her "the Boston Strangler." These assessments of Amy Lowell's character are in fact cruelly accurate. To those who encountered her at the peak of her career, during the last decade of her life, she seemed a veritable dynamo, a charming toughy who had fought, bought and bulldozed her way to the top of the local literary heap; her reputation, however, rested less on the quality of her work than it did on the renown of her family name and the considerable fortune that went along with it.

The legend, somewhat dated by now, is of the obese cigar-smoking sister of the President of Harvard University with her maroon limousine, her kennel of carnivorous sheep dogs (on one occasion they nearly devoured Alfred Kreymborg), her vicious temper tantrums, her lavish dinner parties at the family estate, Sevenels (so-called because at one time seven Lowells—seven "L's"—lived there), her browbeaten servants, her eccentric lifestyle—she, for example, worked nights and slept all day. Boston Brahmin society viewed her as a temperamental, sometimes generous, occasionally extravagant clubwoman, who was also doggedly determined to make a name for herself in the world of letters. Ultimately she left behind only one or two good poems and a famous epitaphic last line: "Christ! What are patterns for?" which is still, as Dudley Fitts has said, "more than most minor poets bequeath to posterity."

Lowell's apparent lack of talent did not, in any case, deter her: more than 600 pages of her poetry remain in print, and that is more than most *major* poets bequeath to posterity. Nor does it deter Jean Gould from treating her as though she really were a major 20th-century literary persona. This work is not, however, a definitive biography. That was written 40 years ago by S. Foster Damon: it need not, and it should not, be done again. What emerges here then is a laudatory portrait of the poet, a fictionized chronicle of Amy's myriad comings and goings with particular emphasis placed on her role as a precipitating figure in the American "free verse" movement, the American literary renaissance.

Unfortunately Amy's role in that movement is likewise overblown in this study. Why Gould deems it necessary to play custodian to the poet's posthumous reputation I do not know, but it does not help matters much. The fact is that the *vers libre* controversy, which began with Ezra Pound in England just before World War I, was won almost before it started. Amy took part in it uninvited and essentially unwanted (except for her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money) and never really understood what it was all about. In her grandiose Lowell manner she appropriated the movement from Pound and transported it back to Brookline, Massachusetts. The skirmishes then took place on the battlefields of Boston, Chicago and New York, but in truth the real fighting had already taken place. Amy's manning of the barricades was all exhibition, all show. Her bold and brash campaign had an air of absurdity about it, a kind of idiotic magnificance, which even she must have found distasteful at times.

It is a fact, on the other hand, that this "improper Bostonian" was one of the movement's most energetic publicists and promoters, and it is upon this aspect of her continued efforts that the author fixates. Nonetheless Gould's view appears to be fairly lopsided. Lowell's effect and influence on the poets and poetry of her day—on the verse of Robert Frost, Archibald MacLeish, D. H. Lawrence. H. D. (Hilda Doolittle), Carl Sandburg, Edna St. Vincent Millay—was simply not what it is here touted up to be. Nor is there merit in the author's claim that Amy "cleared the path" for such younger contemporaries as Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams or E. E. Cummings, or that "her pioneering groundwork paved the way" for an "entire generation" of later women poets, among them Muriel Rukeyser, Denise Levertov, Elizabeth Bishop, Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton.

Yet for all the book's shortcomings, a good deal of information appears in its pages, some of which has not been dealt with very fully before. The most vital new disclosure concerns Lowell's relationship with her devoted companion, the actress Ada Dwyer Russell, whom she met just as her first book, *A Dome of Many Colored Glass*, was going to press. Russell is portrayed as having played an essential and multiple role in the poet's life. She was both confidante and adviser, as well as nurse, traveling mate, editorial assistant and ambassadress of good will (forever soothing the ruffled feelings of those Amy had last jousted with). It is true that in demure, straight-laced Boston their relationship must have "raised eyebrows," but I do not support the author's contention that theirs was more than a close friendship, that in fact Ada Russell was for Amy Lowell what Alice Toklas was for Gertrude Stein. That seems sheer vagary to me, mere female liberationist sensationalism, meant to stir up a storm.

There is more here—an interesting, but all too brief, section on Amy's use of the object—"the thing itself"—in her verse. "My things are always, to my mind, more than themselves, but I do believe I have laid too much insistence upon them, and obscured the more important issues beneath them for my readers," she wrote in a self-enlightened letter to D. H. Lawrence rather late in her life. There are many enlivening excerpts from her vast correspondence with American and European notables. There is much ado about her failing health (she suffered a series of umbilical hernias which left her in agonizing pain). There are also some magnificent photographs from the Harvard College collection. In short this book is not very authoritative; it lacks the weight of scholarship, but it is a solid entertainment.

C. David Heymann

C. David Heymann's forthcoming book is *Ezra Pound: the Last Rower* (Viking).

Jung and the Story of Our Time by Laurens van der Post

(Pantheon; $12.95)

Jung and the Story of Our Time is Laurens van der Post's second attempt at giving currency to the legend and the myth of C. G. Jung. His first, though in a different medium (*The Story of Carl Gustav Jung*, a film narrated by van der Post for BBC television), had the same message as the present book: that Jung was the foredestined and the only savior of contemporary man, but, like prophets everywhere, he was despised and rejected of that same miserable creature whose flesh he assumed and whom he was sent to save—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not." What van der Post calls "the greatest theological scandal of our time" has been the failure of "the Christian churches . . . to take up the work of Jung. . . . Yet if they took Christ's message seriously," they would no longer hide their faces, nor would they ever have crucified this new bearer of their own salvation.

A young man who makes films for the BBC once told me that he had not worked on the Jung film because, he said, "That film was made by the religious wing of the BBC." I don't know whether he was speaking literally or figuratively, and I'm not sure in either case that I trust BBC people to judge these matters unerringly; there is, however, no question about the film itself: it is fitted out with at least two miracles, one in Jung's life, the other in the making of the film, and its accents are those of the most tremendous reverence and awed veneration. And this book is the same, perhaps even more so. Nor is it a question of what a recent commentator has called Jung's "reconciliation of science and religion"—though that is there too—but a question of imagining Jung as a messiah uniquely equipped to heal the ills of our time and so to save modern man as no one else could do. In the book van der Post hasn't at his disposal the swelling organ music that gave such a peculiar, sacred aura to the film—as if incense were somehow transmitted with the images—but he has found a more than adequate substitute in his orchestration of a language that is very rich indeed in religious (specifically, Biblical) overtones. The film, I believe, is regularly shown to small gatherings of the devout (accompanied, I have always imagined, by a small collation, but nothing lavish—perhaps no more than a wafer and a sip of wine); the book will undoubtedly have a strong appeal for the same audience. In both film and book van der Post is preaching to the converted, or more precisely he is reciting to them the gospel narrative of Jung's life.

"I saw him," van der Post writes, "as a kind of Moses who can lead millions to a new land of promise"; and before the paragraph is out, Jung's genius and martyrdom are allied also to the experience of the great, rejected prophet of pagan antiquity: "I thought of Socrates' own sense of separation from the life which had condemned him . . . ." It is not, however, in Moses nor is it in Socrates that van der Post finds the nearest parallel for Jung but in the Christ. When van der Post once mentioned Jesus' remark about two or three "gathered together in His name," he says that "Jung did not smile . . . Instead he said gravely that he often did not even have the comfort of two or three . . . but had to find his solace from the saying referred to in the Apocryphal New Testament, 'And where there is one alone, I say I am with him.'" Like Jesus, Jung, in this gospel according to van der

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post, forgave those who did him injury—a schoolteacher, his father, Freud, et al.—for, as he realized, they knew not what they did. Even those skeptical about what van der Post calls "the greatest of universal contemporary truths," Jung regarded more in sorrow than in anger: "He looked at me and said quietly and rather sadly to himself, 'And even so, they go on denying the reality of the collective unconscious!'" Sorrowful he was often ("O Jerusalem, Jerusalem"), but angry never, for what place hath anger in the life of the Redeemer?

Socrates, Moses and Jesus, all wrapped up in one therapist possessed of the specific for all modern ills—that is a very large order, and some readers may doubt that Jung (or any man) could be quite up to it; indeed, some may doubt that Jung, great as were the claims he made for his massive integration of Greek philosophy, Christianity, Gnosticism, alchemy and analytical psychology into a single, comprehensive "science of the psyche," would himself have pretended to the messianic role here projected on to him. It would appear, on the evidence of both the book and the film, that van der Post has an unusual propensity for intellectual and spiritual hero-worship. I don't mean that he worships many heroes—quite the contrary; he puts all of his eggs, as it were, into a single basket and heaps on Jung every superlative one can imagine—and a few one would not have imagined (this is not an uncommon tendency among the largely feminine Zurich followers—the Jungfrauen as they are known to some): he was the best neighbor and "the best, most patient, and understanding of listeners," had the best laugh and the greatest sense of mischief and humor, was the best historian, possessed the best memory for dreams, was best fire-builder and stone-carver, was the greatest intuitive and diviner, was "the most deeply religious person I have ever met," was the best cook, the most powerful painter, the finest sailor and the greatest lover—in short, "one of the greatest universal personalities since the Renaissance." (I understand, but not from this book, that Jung was also the best of card-players—and that it was good that he played so well because he was impossible to be around if he ever lost; but van der Post does not mention this aspect of his character, and of course his superlatives never extend themselves in a negative direction—*e.g.*, "most irascible.")

My own belief is that Jung was indeed a great man and had much to say to our time, but I seriously doubt that what he had to say is well served by an adulatory biography that inflates its subject into *Salvator Mundi*. Certainly, van der Post's book is easier reading than Jung's *Collected Works*, but it is precisely the difficulty of those writings that makes one skeptical when, in his prologue, van der Post claims, "The books in which he recorded his quintessential self and work are more and more to be found in the pockets of the intellectual young." Van der Post gives no reason to suppose that these young are not the same people he assails 200 pages later when he writes that "the road to Katmandu is still crowded with young European beggars of spirit and pirates after this fashion, despite their possession of a key of their own to all they seek in Jung." I am frankly doubtful that the number of serious readers of Jung is on the increase, and I suspect that van der Post's writing would turn serious readers away rather than attract them. A few Southern Californians recently returned from the Katmandu journey and the already convinced in Zurich, London, and New York—these, I fear, are the readers who will either be drawn to Jung or reconfirmed in their faith by van der Post's book.

"A poetic intensity seized his pen . . . often," van der Post remarks of Jung's writing. Jung's was not the only pen to suffer frequent seizures; from van der Post's own pen we are given passage after fustian passage of fine writing and obscure metaphor. Jung, we are told, "saw the mentally deranged, even the least disturbed of his patients, afflicted with the sickness of an entire age and culture, saw them all, as it were, as guinea-pigs in a vast laboratory of time, and knew that the only valid answers could be guinea-pig answers extracted under the knife of the great vivisectionist of meaning." The poetic intensity of that conceit brooks no interpretation and defies all commentary. On the same page van der Post declares, "The mote in our neighbour's eye is invariably a reflection of the beam in our own and the abnormalities we look out on from our own normality in the asylums and clinics of our time a magnification of something similar in ourselves." I admit that one cannot be very certain of understanding van der Post's meaning here since the syntax of his sentence collapses entirely under nothing more than the slight weight of the parable; but surely a mote is smaller than a beam, therefore not a magnification of a beam? In this book Jung typically speaks in a darling way, "with a twinkle of mischief in an acute glance and an almost *Mona Lisa* smile of the inspired irony native to living wisdom." Of the man he considers "one of the greatest religious phenomena the world has ever experienced." van der Post says, "Among the many heroic achievements of which he proved himself capable, not the least for me is the fact that alone as he always was, wintry and bleak as the scene of childhood, youth, and coming to manhood appeared to be, he never allowed those years to become a winter of discontent but kept a midsummer night's festival of delight aflame in himself." To put it more simply, Jung kept his pecker up; but van der Post seldom puts things simply.

The best that can be said of *Jung and the Story of Our Time* is that it is the sort of book that readers who like this sort of book will like; on the other hand, those who don't won't. For the latter there remain the *Collected Works* or (for an understanding of the man) *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* and the two volumes of *Selected Letters*. In either the canonical or non-canonical writings, Jung's true greatness is much more in evidence than in this or other, similar exercises in devotional hagiography and messianic proclamation.

James Olney

James Olney teaches at North Carolina Central University. His most recent book is *Tell Me Africa* (Princeton University Press).

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

The Selected Papers of Ernst Kris

(Yale University Press; $20)

When Hitler marched into Austria in 1938, he drove out, along with every-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL WORLD CAPITALISM SURVIVE THE CRITICAL PERIOD WE HAVE ENTERED?

OR WILL OUR $2.5 TRILLION DEBT STRUCTURE, AN UNEXERCISED DEMAND FOR GOODS, DESTROY IT?

●

● "Capitalism in a Changing World" analyzes causes of the impending breakdown of capitalistic economic structure and action needed for its survival. Capitalism is the most efficient system ever devised for the economic and social well-being of mankind but a disaster worse than the Great Depression is inevitable unless we conform to basic laws under which capitalistic organization must function. These laws have been violated. Unless action to bring conformity with these laws is taken, a world wide break down of the system is possible.

● This work is an analysis of the danger confronting capitalism and a study of the economic laws to which the capitalist world must conform if capitalism is to survive. It covers capitalistic production, marketing and distribution including the role of government, stock market and private enterprise. It analyzes the money exchange mechanism and the aspects of a credit-debt economy based on commodity money concepts which violate basic capitalistic principles.

● This book is a development of a "Study of Market Depletion," published in 1932 based on research initiated in 1927 which is reproduced in the appendix of "Capitalism in a Changing World." The author went through the Great Depression and his views are based not only on logic and analysis but on actual experience with the factors involved.

CRITICAL COMMENT ON BASIC THEORY BY SUCH ECONOMISTS, BUSINESS MEN AND POLITICAL FIGURES AS: (in appendix)

DR. S. S. HUEBNER,
Wharton School of Finance and Commerce,
University of Pennsylvania

DR. EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN,
McVickar Professor of Political Economy,
Columbia University

DR. ADDISON T. CUTLER,
Department of Economics, Columbia University

DR. JULIUS KLEIN,
Assistant Secretary of Commerce

DR. JOHN A. RYAN,
National Catholic Welfare Conference

LOUIS J. TABER,
Master National Grange

GIFFORD PINCHOT,
Governor of Pennsylvania

SENATOR SMITH W. BROOKHART,
Iowa

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS,
Michigan

SENATOR JAMES J. DAVIS,
Pennsylvania

EUGENE W. LEWIS,
President Industrial Morris Plan Bank

HENRY S. DENNISON,
Dennison Mfg. Co.

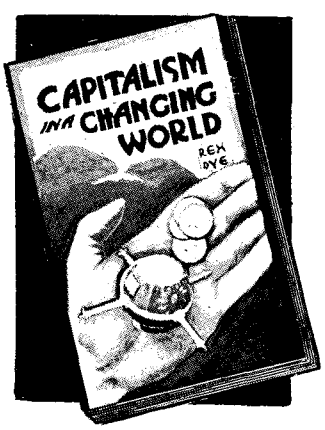
LEONARD P. AYRES, V.P.,
Cleveland Trust Co.

ORDWAY TEAD,
Harper & Bros.

WM. A. HEART,
Van Tuyl, Heart & Barron

J. H. BUCKLEY,
Nation's Business

(AND OTHERS)



*

This is a college level work clear in its statement, precise in logic and definitive in its development of the theory of mass market depletion and its effect on capitalistic economy.

*

MAIL THIS ORDER TODAY!

Professional educators and students in economics, history, sociology, political philosophy, business and finance will find this work a challenging approach to the solution of present problems!

6½" x 10¼"
229 PAGES — HARD BOUND

ECONOMICS RESEARCH, 23587 Novi Rd., Northville, MI 48167

● Please mail _____ copies of "CAPITALISM IN A CHANGING WORLD" by Rex Dye at $9.50 each. (Postpaid)

My check ____ money order ____ in the amount of _____ is enclosed.

● Copies sent without charge to Professors of Economics (while books last)

CHECK
☐ University _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing else, the center of the psychoanalytic movement, both physically and spiritually. Even if Freud and most of his followers had not been Jews, it is inconceivable that they could have survived there. No totalitarian regime could tolerate psychoanalysis, with its goal of psychological freedom.

What are the characteristics of freedom of the mind? How does it come about, what enhances it, what diminishes it? To what purposes can it be put? These questions dominated the life and work of Ernst Kris. They can be heard in every one of these papers collected and published now, 18 years after his death, and they are heard in the classic books which appeared during his lifetime. The numerous study groups and projects bearing his name and imprint testify to the urgency and creativity with which he asked these questions.

Attuned as Kris was to the interplay between historical conditions and the individual, he could not have failed to acknowledge the influence on his thought of the growing terror of nazism. He remained in Vienna until after the Anschluss, escaping to London in time to undergo the Blitz. After the United States entered the war, he was sent for to help in the study of morale and German propaganda. He stayed in New York after the war was over, and became a central figure in the psychoanalytic life of this country. During the postwar years, he collaborated with his colleagues from Vienna, Heinz Hartmann and Rudolf Loewenstein in a series of papers that dominated and shaped the direction of psychoanalytic thought in the years following Freud's death.

How does a person endure years of extreme danger, suffer two exiles, only to take root in an alien land and continue onward with such astonishing energy? Kris was not the only one to do it, but in his case there was an interesting foreshadowing of this sea change. It was one of the strengths of psychoanalysis in its early days that it attracted many to its cause who were already established in other fields. Kris was one of them; before he became an analyst, he was an eminent art historian. He forewent the comforts and certainties of a career already distinguished, to enter a field that was still viewed with suspicion and hostility—especially in Vienna—and by no means remunerative. It was not a choice characteristic of a complacent mind.

Kris did not come to psychoanalysis as an outsider, to say the least. His wife Marianne, a pioneer in child analysis, was an intimate friend of Anna Freud; his brother-in-law, Herman Nunberg, was an important writer in the field; and his father-in-law, the pediatrician Oscar Rie, made an incalculable contribution to the history of psychoanalysis by playing tarok with Freud every Saturday evening. Of course, this was hardly a scientific entrée, and Kris felt he needed a medical degree. Freud, who had no qualms in placing the needs of his movement above the needs of its members, pressed him instead into the editorship of the journal *Imago*, Kris accepted, to his lifelong regret, relegation to the status of lay analyst, an ignominy he shared with, among others, Anna Freud, Otto Rank and Erik Erikson.

Whatever Kris' disappointments may have been, there is every reason to be grateful that he was not just "another doctor." Evolving out of his work in art history and continuing directly through his inquiries in psychoanalysis came a series of studies that culminated in his monumental work, *Psychoanalytic Explorations in Art*, which is not only a classic in the psychoanalytic literature, but also one of the most significant contributions of any psychoanalyst to the cultural history of our time. Its insights grow out of parallel techniques in both fields, and reach ultimately to the problem of creativity, a subject on which Kris shed more light, probably, than anyone before or since.

In studying art, Kris focused his attention on style, an approach he shared with his one-time pupil and collaborator, E. H. Gombrich. He looked at a work of art not so much for the symbolism of its content as to find out how the artist solved his problem, given his historical setting, and given his own needs and capacities. He looked at the process of creation itself, at the progression in the artist's successive productions, at the transformations. This way of looking reflects also the view of ego psychology, the new wave of psychoanalysis in the '30s and '40s in which he participated and, to a great extent, led.

It is a commonly held view of psychoanalytic theory that it consists entirely of Freud's collected works, plus minor revisions and Talmudic exegeses of the text, with any departures being the work of heretics. In fact, Freud's own work was anything but homogeneous, and even during his lifetime there was a major upheaval that was tolerated without any excommunications. It consisted basically of a shift from the original exclusive interest in the unconscious to an ever more detailed concern with the rest of the personality. Wilhelm Reich identified "character" as a formidable entity, adversarial, but worthy of respect. It remained to others, led by Anna Freud and Hartmann, to legitimatize the ego as an area of study in analysis fully as important as the id. Although Freud is credited by the faithful, including Kris, as having led the way, it was left largely to the next generation to beat this particular path through a thicket of resistance, this time from the old guard within the movement.

The papers collected here represent Kris as a teacher, as a historian, as a research clinician. They supplement the monograph in which the hideously formidable papers he wrote with Hartmann and Loewenstein are gathered. They are also a reminder that, left to himself, Kris was a graceful and easy writer. This volume will go automatically into the library of every student of psychoanalysis, and will be of interest to anyone who wants to explore further a major psychoanalytic thinker. If it can introduce *Psychoanalytic Explorations in Art* to a wider public, it will have performed an even greater service.

One of Kris' special interests, developing from his studies of propaganda, was the phenomenon of the slogan. It would not have surprised him, I think, to find that his most famous phrase, "regression in the service of the ego," has become a slogan, too. What Kris referred to is a psychological process, but it has been debased in popular usage as a description, if not a justification, of infantile behavior in adults—as it has been paraphrased, "regression in the service of regression." Kris was originally trying to describe how an artist creates. He considered the unconscious as the source of the materials of creation, but useless for art unless it could be brought under control of the ego. He described the successful result with another expression, perhaps even more evocative than the one for which he is famous; characteristically, what he described was not an object, but a process: the artist, he would say, creates "with sublime freedom." Kris was uniquely prepared to study, to elicit, and finally to perceive, this "sublime freedom."

Paul Buttenwieser

Paul Buttenwieser is a psychoanalyst and child psychiatrist practicing in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reconsideration

Tell Me a Riddle by Tillie Olsen

(Delta; paper $2.45)

In the prelude to *Middlemarch* (only three paragraphs long, but in them one of the most powerful and satisfactory statements about the predicament of women in our society) George Eliot refers to "blundering lives," to "a life of mistakes," to "a tragic failure which found no sacred poet and sank unwept into oblivion." She had in mind both masses of women and particular women, all of whom have suffered by virtue of what she describes as "meanness of opportunity," the general kind so many men and women alike faced in the 19th century, and the special kind women had to endure then, and still now. The novel is a masterful psychological presentation and analysis of rural, middle-class, early 19th-century England, but also, for the most part, a chronicle of loss, sadness, disappointment and failure. Characters endowed with intelligence and ambition, one after the other, fall upon bad times—not poverty, but the consequences of fate; that is, the world's accidents, incidents and circumstances which, in sum, exert their enormous, tellingly destructive influence. The novel falls just short of tragedy; a village, a county, all of England's rising bourgeoisie had at least another half century or so to go. Yet, the story is littered with unfulfilled dreams.

So with Tillie Olsen's *Tell Me a Riddle*—four short stories which lack Eliot's extended, intricate dedication to character portrayal or the workings of historical change, but in which sensibility, point of view, and mood are spiritual kin of *Middlemarch*. The first, and briefest, "I Stand Here Ironing," introduces the reader to a woman who has known and suffered from the "meanness of opportunity" George Eliot mentions, a 20th-century American version of it. The title reveals the scene, tells of all the action to come—a mother reflecting upon the hard, curbed, sad life of her 19-year-old daughter, born in the Great Depression of the early 1930s. A social worker or guidance counselor or psychologist or psychiatrist (who knows which, and who cares—a substantial number of them all sound drearily alike) has told the mother that the young woman, her oldest child, "needs help." The mother is skeptical, and quietly, thoughtfully scornful. Not "defensive" or "guilty," not lacking in a capacity for psychological introspection, either—as might be said of her by the person who wants her to come in for one of those self-conscious "talks" that have become so much a part of so many lives in recent years—but determined to hold on to her dignity, to her right as an intelligent woman, however hard-pressed by life, to comprehend what it is that has happened to herself and her children, and just as important, to resist the interfering, gratuitous, self-serving or wrong-headed interpretations of others. "Let her be," the mother says to herself—a remark meant, also, for the one who, with the barely concealed arrogance and condescension of the clinic, had called and said, "I wish you would manage the time to come in and talk with me about your daughter." The story is a mother's effort to understand for herself how her daughter came to be the person she is, and to do so by taking account of the overwhelming (social, economic, cultural) reality of a certain kind of life—a reality which generates, rather than merely influences, currents in the mind's life. Put differently, the story is an interior monologue devoted to the exterior—the insistent, enduring, molding press of the things of this world upon our dreams, nightmares, hesitations and aspirations.

"She was a miracle to me," the mother remembers. When the baby was eight months old there was a sudden change: "I had to leave her daytimes with the woman downstairs for whom she was no miracle at all, for I worked or looked for work." The father, desperate for lack of a job, humiliated and beaten, said good-bye. The mother was only 19, as old as the daughter she is now thinking about as she does her ironing. The story moves on from there—a chronicle, related in one heartbreaking incident after another, of a girl's growing up under the adversity of the depression years. A chronicle, too, of a mother's attempt to keep her own head above water (she remarried, had more children, pursued work to the best of her ability, tried to do right by her children and new husband). And a chronicle of a particular child's suffering: nurseries where she was ignored at best; schools where the teachers were callous or mean; clinics where arbitrariness and bureaucratic self-importance determined the way she was treated, the recommendations made to her mother; a convalescent home whose horrors, covered by a veneer of sugary sentiment Charles Dickens would have known how to document. And in the family: a fight for herself, her rights and her terrain, in the face of the children born later to her mother—an especially hard and bitter fight because there were so few victories possible in a family so impoverished and vulnerable.

But the child did not grow to be a mere victim of the kind so many of us these days are rather eager to recognize—a hopeless tangle of psychopathology. The growing child, even in her troubled moments, revealed herself to be persistent, demanding, observant. In the complaints we make, in the "symptoms" we develop, we reveal our strengths as well as our weaknesses. The hurt child could summon her intelligence, exercise her will, smile and make others smile: "The control, the command, the convulsing and deadly clowning, the spell, then the roaring, stamping audience, unwilling to let this rare and precious laughter out of their lives." And at times her mother could observe, "She is so lovely"; and immediately wonder why they in the clinic were so anxious to talk about the daughter's "problems."

"Let her be," the mother says, not defiantly and not out of escapist ignorance. "So all that is in her will not bloom," she continues, "but in how many does it? There is still enough left to live by." And in case the people at the unnamed clinic already have in response their various "interpretations," their "insight," the mother has a quiet request to make—that the young lady be accorded respect, be allowed her dignity, be regarded as and told she is "more than this dress on the ironing board, helpless before the iron."

That is all; the last words of the story bring the reader back to the first words, but not in a forced or contrived way—the all too clever and tidy work of a "literary" writer of short stories who has learned in school about rising action and falling action, and "structure," and the need for "impact" or "coherence." A working woman is making the best of *her* situation, even as she expects her daughter to do so. A mother shakes her fist at the universe, not excitedly, and with no great expectation of triumph, but out of a determination to assert her worth, her capabilities, however injured or curbed, her ability to see, to comprehend, to imagine; and too, her daughter's—everyone's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The other stories reveal the same struggle for personal dignity, against the same high, almost impossible odds. They are each sad stories, yet leavened with humor, and made compelling, even entertaining (despite the subject matter) by the writer's wonderful, eye-opening ability to make her fine social awareness, her strongly—felt political passions, her abiding interest in, and her fighter's anger at the condition of her sex here and in other countries, mere instruments in a commitment to the integrity of the private psychological reverie, really—the idiosyncratic as well as representative ideas and emotions of the men, women and children she chooses to portray, and wants desperately (the heart of her effort, the basis perhaps of her special appeal) to uphold and make the rest of us (companions of hers, thereby) also uphold.

The last story, whose title the author has given to the collection as a whole, is the longest and is, again, all too easily given a summary—the way an aging couple, once poor and active in radical politics, now reasonably well-off, come to terms with death. The author allows herself a bit more leeway than she has before; the story has sustained, compelling dialogue, a more relaxed pace of development, a thread of humor and sarcasm that offset the grief and heartache. The husband and wife, 47 years married, have developed their own ways with each other. He is alternately teasing and encouraging. Most of all he wants to forget the past and make the best of everything. She is suspicious, silent, quite unwilling to gloss over a lifetime's trials and sorrows. There are marvelous exchanges, as he coaxes her, and in the course of the story, calls her a succession of bittersweet names that provide the story continuity: Mrs. Word-Miser, Mrs. Take It Easy, Mrs. Telepathy, Mrs. In a Hurry, Mrs. Excited Over Nothing. She parries his thrusts, lets him plan, and involve her in his hopes for a new life. They will move to one of those "havens" for the elderly. But in the clutch she says no; she is tired, she will not go along with him. She seems to know that she is sick, will soon die. She has a critical detachment about her (with respect to him, their children and grandchildren, never mind the world at large) that contrasts with the immediacy and warmth of his response to people, places, things. A husband and wife in America—old, full of memories, scarred by a life that was not easy, either materially or psychologically, and now compelled to face their last challenge together. Tell me a riddle, the grandchildren ask; the grandmother cannot, will not. How can she when she has learned, decade after decade, that life itself, hers and maybe everyone's, is a bundle of riddles? The grandmother can only have silent reveries, occasions for the author to turn into a haunting, brooding poet. And the grandfather's bravado soon enough gives way, as he struggles to face death, his wife's and his own—that final riddle which no one, of whatever disposition or station in life, manages to avoid or figure out.

Since the collection *Tell Me a Riddle* was published, 15 years ago, Tillie Olsen has not come out with more short stories. She was 47 when *Tell Me a Riddle* was published, is now in her 60s. Her own life is well worth knowing; she worked for years in factories, was the Nebraska-born daughter of a Socialist organizer, married a union man, a printer, and fought alongside him in a long series of working-class struggles during the 1930s and 1940s. She also brought up four children, and being poor and a conscientious political activist, had little or no spare time for the writing which she, yet, craved to do. She has written about herself, and much more, in two essays, "Silences: When Writers Don't Write," and "Women Who Are Writers in Our Century: One Out of Twelve." She is, has been for decades, a feminist—unyielding and strong-minded, but never hysterical or shrill. Her essays reveal her to be brilliant, forceful and broadly educated, if without degrees to wave around. She has also published (1974) the novel *Yonnondio*, about working-class life in the 1930s—its terrible, lacerating reality. And she has written a long biographical interpretation to accompany a reissue by the Feminist Press of Rebecca Harding Davis' *Life in the Iron Mills*, originally issued in 1861.

At times she has allowed herself, in a confessional vein not unlike that of "I Stand Here Ironing," a moment of regret, if not self-pity: if only there had been more time, an easier life—hence more stories, novels, essays written. Proud and stoic, though, she pulls back immediately: that is how it goes—and besides, for others, for the overwhelming majority of the world's people, in the past and now, too, there has been *no* spare time, no chance for anything like writing, like constructing stories and in them giving expression to ideas and ideals. She need not, however, have one moment of regret. Others have produced more, but she has never once faltered. It is as if she had no time for failure, either. Everything she has written has become almost immediately a classic—the short stories especially, but also her two essays, her comment on the life and writing of Rebecca Harding Davis, her recent novel. She has been spared celebrity, but hers is a singular talent that will not let go of one; a talent that prompts tears, offers the artist's compassion and forgiveness, but makes plain how fierce the various struggles must continue to be.

Robert Coles

The Back of the Book

That Girl

On November 18, *Cosmopolitan* magazine ran a full page (76) ad in *The New York Times* that seems to capture an ideal of American happiness. Its message is brought by a brunette of, say, 26, wearing a Japanese robe open to the sash. On her left hand, posed on a lapel, is a thick, shiny bracelet, like Wonder Woman's. On her right hand, posed on her waist, are three more bracelets. She wears earrings, nail polish, a small pearl necklace, and her long hair looks terrific. Her mouth is a perfect mouth, slightly puckered, to reveal perfect teeth, but not as in speech or a kiss. Her nose is also perfect, her eyes at once attentive and vacant, perhaps dangerous. She is beautiful, at least I think so. Yes, she must be beautiful.

She says: "Let's see—five friends who love me and think I'm funny . . . an apartment that's *finally* the way I want it (lots of wicker, ferns and light), the grey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coat that cost too much but feels like *butter* . . . three new accounts at the agency directly traceable to *me* plus . . . the last of my baby fat gone (for good I hope), and the man I love coming to dinner tonight with wine and love and magic. Yes, I've got *everything* to be thankful for this Thanksgiving and I *am*. By the way, add to the list my favorite magazine . . . They've helped me month after month acquire *all* those lovely blessings and I love them. I guess you could say I'm That COSMOPOLITAN Girl."

This tally she takes is remarkable. As our lady says, she has *everything* to be thankful for, and she *is*, by which we infer that she has everything, and is thankful for it. God knows, who wouldn't be? Taking her blessings one by one, we ought to be able to arrive by induction at a prescription for the perfect life. And not a moment too soon.

Five friends who love me and think I'm funny. That's important. Looking at those deadly eyes, we would not think of "funny." But here she is—loved and funny, a difficult combination.

An apartment that's finally the way I want it. She has been fretting about that apartment for years. "I'll never get it right," she told her five friends, who were in stitches. Then it hit her. The place lacked *lots of wicker, ferns and light*, a touch of the old Philippines. Without it that apartment wasn't *her*. *She* is a person of particular *emphases*. Yet romantic too, impetuous purchaser of *the grey suede coat that cost too much*. (Grey is good for suede; it reminds you less of the skinned animal.) The thing feels like *butter*, a dairy product.

She is responsible for *three new accounts at the agency*. So, she's an ad woman. We would not have taken her for a curate. Those accounts are *directly traceable* to her. Suddenly we see our lady tiny and lost in the bureaucracy where in an abstract process virtue is "traceable" from above. It takes gumption for the little lady in the grey suede coat—("I bet that cost her a pretty penny." "Yeh, her or that guy of hers.")—to get ahead. How did she land those accounts, we wonder? Was she funny? Did her clients touch her coat?

Or did they fall for her fat-less figure? *The last of my baby fat gone (for good I hope)*. She too was a baby once and she must have been a beautiful one, fat or no fat. Now she watches her weight, but there is tension in her parentheses—"I hope."

Our lady has everything to be thankful for this Thanksgiving, and she is. Others with so much going for them might not remember the pilgrims, but along with everything else, our lady knows her history, to say nothing of God, another One of her blessings. And *by the way*, we can add to the list my favorite magazine, *Cosmopolitan*. They've (her collected issues) helped her assemble her life. Thus the equation: if we read *Cosmopolitan* month after month (nothing worth having comes quickly), we will be loved, popular, tasteful, prosperous; we will be good to wildlife (ferns), yet be able to lay our hands on some expensive property; have a nose for business, romance, American history and God. What a rag.

Exactly how this process works must depend on particular issues. This month's *Cosmopolitan* runs pieces on "How to Choose a Ski Resort," "The Man-Pleaser—Are you One?" and "How to Handle Two (or More!) Lovers at the Same Time." The last mentioned will have no interest for our lady; she is not that kind of girl. Learning to please her man and choose ski resorts might be very useful, however, as might "Beauty Tips from Beautiful People," in which Angie Dickinson recommends brushing with Colgate as a dietary measure.

Would things be different if she read *The New Republic*, I wonder?—"To be precise, I have one friend who claims to like me but who frankly gets on my nerves . . . my apartment, a wreck—four dead-bolt locks on the door . . . a pea jacket, if it's any of your business, and a classroom full of thugs waiting for me to turn my back . . . overweight again, of course, and my one friend's husband coming to dinner tonight with wine and love and a long-term proposition." No, the *TNR* girl is not that *Cosmopolitan* girl, but neither is our lady of the ad. That lady is a paper lady, an ideal of the world that invented her.

Yet our lady is addressing someone real in the ad, and it has to be us, taking a survey. I suppose she could be talking to herself, going privately mad, which would give a different slant to her emphases. But she seems to respond to a question from the outside, probably the hall: what do *you* have to be thankful for this Thanksgiving? This makes her final lines a revelation. She casually mentions *Cosmopolitan*, then realizes that *Cosmopolitan* is the prime mover in her life.

Since we are taking the survey, we must be taken for pollsters. Here, then, is an ad about an ad woman making its pitch to people in the same game, people who admire a world where everybody goes around buying, selling, and rearranging. We and our lady are supposed to understand each other, which if true not only gives the ad its present effects, but a promise of the future. Given infinite projection and hope, could not our lady, with such a fine head start, eventually become the new Jackie Onassis, celebrated in the papers for her blessed possessions? And may not every girl dream of the same?

I wish I were the man our lady loves—coming to dinner tonight with wine and love and magic. First I would drink to her coat and slimness not with Chenin Blanc by Ernest and Julio Gallo; then we'd make love on her wicker bed with the Wamsetta sheets, among the ferns; and finally, with my magic, I'd make her disappear.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Giving Thanks

To the editors:

At Thanksgiving I think you are entitled to thanks from all of us for having published Professor Hans J. Morgenthau's "Three Paradoxes" in your October 11 edition.

In the years I've subscribed to *The New Republic* I've never read a better article. It should be required reading for every American.

Now that the Congress is going into a week's recess I hope my wife, Congresswoman Bella Abzug, will have time to read this great analysis of US foreign policy.

Martin Abzug
New York, New York

Tarred with the Same Brush

To the editors:

Of course Idi Amin of Uganda is a 'racist murderer' ("Amin On The Loose," *TNR*, Oct. 25). His record, like Pinochet's in Chile, Yahya Khan's in Bangladesh or our own bodycount in Indochi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

na, stands for itself. And Ambassador Moynihan probably has more than enough justification to use whatever epithet he wishes.

But Moynihan's attack on the Organization of African Unity was ignorant and regrettable. The ambassador claimed that "it was no accident" that Amin was now chairman of the OAU. And certainly it wasn't since the different member-states take the chairmanship in rotation. Emperors, democrats and generals have taken the office in turn, and it would have gone to Milton Obote if his constitutional regime had survived as easily as it went to Amin, Obote's successor in Uganda.

The Black African states are virtually powerless today on the international scene which is why many of them have succumbed to Arab blandishments and pressures on the Middle East. It does us little good to isolate and publicly demean their international institutions. And it is the utmost of hypocrisy of Moynihan to burst into righteous anger against Amin without acknowledging the 'racist murderers' of the white governments of Southern Africa. South Africa has its own stacks of corpses, as *TNR*, honorably, has often noted, and the longevity and institutional character of the South African regime make it a far more despicable foe than Amin. It is the primary purpose of the OAU to combat those racist governments. Israel accepts the expressions of support from the South African government and the OAU states include Amin. Given the complexity of their moral predicaments and their weakness relative to their enemies it is difficult to fault either the OAU or the Israelis. But the infinitely more powerful US has a much clearer responsibility. Ambassador Moynihan's comments lack both the accuracy of information and the evenhanded moral judgment that would best serve that responsibility.

George H. Rosen
Somerville, Massachusetts

"... an extraordinarily important document.... Any social system that says to a large slice of its young people, 'There is no room for you!' and to the overwhelming bulk of its elderly, 'You are constrained to suffer 15 years of pre-death!' is an abomination."

—Stephen K. Bailey
Vice-President, American Council on Education

The Boundless Resource

A Prospectus for an Education/Work Policy

by Willard Wirtz

and the National Manpower Institute

A comprehensive study of the gap between education and work and of the need to integrate the two—and a sharp challenge for change by the former Secretary of Labor and N.M.I. Analysis includes problems faced by teenagers, women, workers automated out of a job, minority groups, and senior citizens.

Available at your local bookstore $7.95

Distributed by E. P. Dutton

The New Republic Book Company, Inc.

1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036

The Classifieds

Personals

FUN LOVING OLDER (39+) semi-attached male seeks unencumbered sensuous attractive younger (39-) female (necessarily in that order). Luncheons, afternoon social activities at better hotels, restaurants. Matrimony not objective. Kansas City area. New Republic Box 7320.

AMERICAN NAMES JAPANESE STYLE $1.00. James Miles, P.O. Box 53, Pasadena, California 91102

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF THE UNBORN—The humanity of the unborn should be recognized as the humanity of the born is recognized and with this recognition of the humanity of the unborn, so the natural right be secured. The first and foremost of these natural rights is the right to life. For the major difference between the born and unborn life is only the biological development-a process which continues throughout the lifetime of any human being. For from conception, the unborn have all the genetic material that allows the full development of a human body - all of which develops before birth. Since life is a natural, universal and inalienable right, this should not be deprived of any human being because of their biological stage of development. Therefore, the unborn should not be deprived of this natural, universal and inalienable right to life but should be secured this right in law; in this case and in this land, an Amendment to the Constitution, a Right to Life Amendment, for the unborn. National Right to Life Committee, National Press Bldg., 529 14th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20045

MEDICAL EDUCATOR SCIENTIST bearded, 38, seeks independent friend who likes herself. Share non-possessive relationship including theater, Levis, backpacking and varied interests. Los Angeles. New Republic Box 7315.

TURQUOISE HISHI CHOKER necklaces. $55. WM., 122 Circle Drive, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

AMERICAN VALUES AND HUMAN HABITATION—The American Association for the Advancement of Science invites nominations of scholars of faculty rank from all disciplines for membership in a group which will design a research agenda on American Values and Human Habitation in Washington, D.C. from 14 June-24 July, 1976. Contact: William A. Blanpied, AAAS, 1776 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, DC 20036

CHICAGO WOMAN, 48—single, attractive, enjoys life, seeking companionship of thoughtful, humorous single man. New Republic Box 7325.

COMPUTER PREPARED BIORHYTHM CHARTS ON original "print outs" interpretation guide for physical—sensitivity—intellectual curves. $4.50 with birth date to GNOMON ASSOC., INC., P.O. Box 234, Rye Beach, New Hampshire 03871

TALL HANDSOME WELL-EDUCATED PROFESSIONAL man discreetly seeking glamorous grande dame or chic haughty dominantrix. Santa Barbara-L.A. areas. New Republic Box 7330.

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR MEN—by mail! Thirty top brands—Profil . . . Textured Nacken, Jade. Three samples: $1. Twelve mixed samples: $3. Plain package. Poplan, Box 2556—Dept. CNR-7a, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

THE BIONOMIC CHURCH OF MANKIND teaches the premises, principles and practices of the natural, biological, ecologically established religion of all life. It teaches a complete, detailed methodology, which if followed, will permit anyone to achieve enlightenment—the instantaneous integration of all their knowledge in a single, coherent, whole concept. It presents a cmprehensive introduction to anthroponomical science and it provides the scientifically valid ethical requirements for every human action. To hasten the realization of Mankind in complete harmony, and the fulfillment of every human life, the Church is soliciting donations to its education and information programs. All donors will receive literature describing the bionomic religion, its genetic origin, enlightenment, and the obfuscating influences of myths. Donors of twenty-five dollars, or more, will receive a copy of the book, "Bionomic Religion" upon publication early next year. Donors who give substantially will be making a major contribution to the re-education of Mankind. Please send donations to: The Bionomic Church, Box 291, Mount Eden, California 94557

MAN, 41—desires correspondence with attractive female, 21-35, who likes intelligent conversation, watersports and island travel. RRM, 1043 Pendlehills Drive, Pendleton, Indiana 46064.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE FRUSTRATED BY CAPITALISM YET DO NOT THINK OF SOCIALISM—

WHAT NEXT?

An 8-page thought-provoker
by **Jessie Lloyd O'Connor**
Single copies free; 10 for $1; 100 for $7.
Write Author, Little Compton, R.I. 02837

INDEX ON CENSORSHIP: "One of the most interesting publications we know of—and one of the few we read from cover to cover as soon as it arrives—is INDEX ON CENSORSHIP, a London-based quarterly devoted to the defense of freedom of expression. INDEX provides an outlet for manuscripts that have been suppressed by tyrannical governments, from Moscow and Prague to Teheran and Santiago, and it publishes lengthy reports, full of specific information, on threats to freedom of speech in whatever countries they occur . . ." New Yorker. Take advantage of the Christmas-New Year discount offer! Send $12 (instead of $14) for the four 1976 issues to INDEX, Room 221, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

SCOTT NEARING'S latest book CIVILIZATION AND BEYOND: LEARNING FROM HISTORY. A view of civilization from his 92 years. Privately published. $3 postpaid. Social Science Institute, Dept. 105, Harborside, Maine 04642.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON'S NEWSLETTER of the Democratic Left; political, labor, feminist developments plus informed analysis of energy, economic crisis, and future of socialism. $5/year. Newsletter, 853 Broadway, Room 617, New York, New York 10003

CHAIRMAN MAO'S BIG RED BOOK—fully illustrated, coffee table size. Original, rare gift autographed by editor. $20, Logan Press, Box 1507, Gilroy, California 95020.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

CHINA BOOKS—complete picture of China's economics, government, social development. Free caalog. CHINA BOOKS, Dept. NR, 2020 24th Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

PRINCETON SPECIAL BOOK SALE! Discounts up to 85% on hundreds of titles. Sale ends January 31. Write now for free catalog. Princeton University Press, Box NR, New Jersey 08540.

COMBINED FALL 1975 UNIVERSITY PRESS & SCHOLARLY IMPRINT SALE CATALOG—351 titles, 56 publishers, limited quantities, cut-off date January 31, 1976. Write for Catalog—THE SCHOLAR'S BOOKSHELF A-1, 205 Nassau Street, Princeton, New Jersey 08540.

Greenery

INDOOR HYDROPONIC GARDEN - grow vegetables, sprouts, herbs all year in window. Complete, self contained (24" planter, media, full year nutrient, seeds, instructions). Unique, attractive, useful gift. Easy yet highly productive. Save 20¢ direct from manufacturer. Send $13.95 ppd ROCKY MOUNTAIN HYDROPONICS, Box N-18331, Denver, Colorado 80218

Stationery

PROFESSIONALS - top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery, (395N), Wallingford, Vermont 05773

Schools

MASS MEDIA INTERN PROGRAM—The American Association for the Advancement of Science announces a program permitting up to 15 advanced social and natural science graduate students to spend the summer of 1976 as intern reporters, researchers or production assistants in a variety of media. Interested students should contact William A. Blanpied, AAAS, 1776 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School of CIDOC. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $300 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Literary Services

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Books Wanted

WANTED: BOOKS BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, WOLCOTT GIBBS. Any condition, clothbound, paperback. Philip Terzian, 3801 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, John McDonald, E. Doc Smith and sci-fi classics wanted. Will buy or trade. New Republic Box 7110.

WANTED—BOOKS About civil liberties and libertarians. Cases, theory, biography, autobiography. Good condition only. New Republic Box 7055.

60¢ per word
400,000 readers
#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENTLEMEN YOUNG 50—seeks attractive, unencumbered, intelligent gal between 30-40 as traveling companion. Has Villa in Acapulco. Send recent photo and resume to New Republic Box 7305.

ALABAMA WIDOW seeks male special friend 55-65. New Republic Box 7310.

CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED. Great literature comic-style. Last supply anywhere. Excellent Christmas gifts. List available from: Classics Illustrated Comics, Dept. A, 86 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10024

HISTORICAL WOMEN T-SHIRTS—Amelia Earhart, Virginia Woolf, Susan B. Anthony, Gertrude Stein, Emma Goldman, $5 each. 4/$18. WARREN SCREEN PRESS, 29 Warren, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

YOUNG, INTELLIGENT FEMALE—fifties, enjoys arts, travel, adventure and male companionship. Chicago area. New Republic Box 7295.

WIDOW—like to correspond with man about 70. Interested in liberal politics, music, reading. New Republic Box 7300.

NUMEROLOGICAL ANALYSIS—personalized, comprehensive. $10.00, name, birthdate to Marion Seven, P.O. Box 2513, Rancho Palos Verdes, California 90274.

BUSINESS IN WASHINGTON? Prepare for the Bicentennial crowds in nation's Capitol by gaining access to totally, beautifully furnished apartment. Downtown. Economical. References. New Republic Box 7290.

MINIATURE HAND CARVED COMB. Perfect for mustaches! $1.95 check/money order. JAYCO, Apdo. 422, Oaxaca, Oaxaca, MEXICO.

A PORTRAIT OF YOUR HOME—for a beautifully rendered 10x12 ink drawing of your home, send a photograph and $15 to R. Plotts, 425 B Cumberland Road, A.109, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15237.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

PHILOSOPHER T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell. $5.00 each. 4|$18.00. WARREN ST. PRESS, 29 Warren St. Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

DATE WANTED in Albuquerque on triannual business trips. Thirty-five plus. New Republic Box 7270.

JOIN NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, Inc., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414 (R2), New York, 10017 and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

NORTH JERSEY MAN—late 20's, handsome, seeks ravishing, intelligent female with good sense of humor. New Republic Box 7275.

HAVE BAG—WILL TRAVEL, talk, share books, attend theater. Attractive woman, 25, ready for man on the move. New Republic Box 7285.

BLACK MALE PRISONER—35, desires correspondence with mature females. New Republic Box 7250.

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help¾ The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

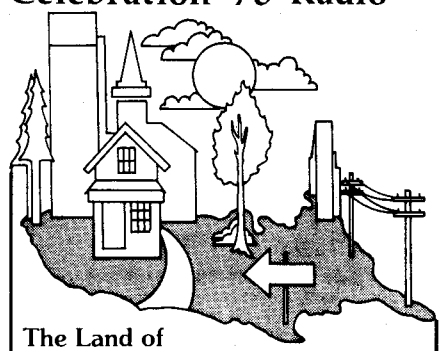
Peace Personals

READY FOR A MORE PURPOSEFUL LIFE? Israel? Neot Midbar, new, ecologically-committed, modern orthodox collective now seeking members. Call (212) 689-1414 (East); (209) 935-1475 (West).

Health

CATARACT? CHEAP FOOD SUPPLEMENT (correct dosage) cleared my vision, others' eyes. Complete methodology, $1. Hawkins, Box 1441, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701

Celebration '76 Radio



The Land of Lincoln was the same state that banned blacks from settling the land.

Hear the story of

Illinois

on The States of the Union

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or **write:**

National Public Radio

2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Celebration '76

"LIBERTY TREE" Original, acclaimed choral Bicentennial Anthem composed to Thomas Paine text. Sheet music information: Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513.

Bumperstickers

Left Rear: "MEDITATE," $1.00; right rear: "PRAY," $1.00. Both, $1.75. (Make fine companions for your THINK sign, too.) WRY Idea Co., Rye, New York 10580

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, POSTERS. Custom-made, lowest prices. Information, samples: 50¢. Sullivan Advertising, 16 North Central, St. Louis, Missouri 63105

"FORD IS AN EDSEL" bumpersticker—$1.00; 3|$2.50. P.O. Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207. Virginians add 4%.

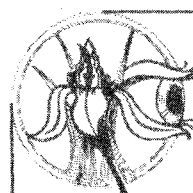
BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Literature

SIX PAGES OF SOLID WHY. The dailies tell who, what, where, when. THE WEEKLY PEOPLE offers clarifying perspective. Analytical reporting, socialist advocacy. Year $3, four month trial $1. Dept 3B, 914 Industrial Ave., Palo Alto, California 94303.

PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN *asks for new strategies*-Can Ford win in 1976? Are political polling, public relations and basic research wisely used? Is the Kissinger secret and personal diplomacy over-done? In approaching public problems, where do waste, cost and taxes come into consideration? How can the UN best answer its detractors? What happened to VP Rockefeller? FOR SHORT POSITION PAPERS Write Ellis M. Dana, 35 Woodchester Drive, Weston, Massachusetts 02193

WORLDLEFT PRESS offers "Best Political Poems of 1975" $4.95. Dept. MS, 1326 Lakeview Blvd. E., Seattle, Washington 98102.



Announcing

IRIS PRESS

27 Chestnut Street
Binghamton, N.Y. 13905
(607-722-6739)

PUBLISHED IN 1975-76:

the broken juke poetry chapbook by don revell
Born in the Bronx (1954), revell celebrates a rites of passage through the jazz-rock tensions of his generation.
$3., $5., *signed*

A House by the Side of the Road contemporary prose romance by E.V. Austin
TURNER CASSITY: "Like an activist Lady of Shalott, Mrs. Austin's heroine seizes the life that passes . . ." **$4., $6.,** *signed*

Ann by John Vernon
Published and new poems by the author of *The Garden and the Map.*
MICHAEL HARPER: " . . . a poet of growth, tension, and illuminated presence."
STANLEY KUNITZ: "John Vernon's poems have superior intelligence and vitality. . . ." **$3., $5.,** *signed*

ALL QUALITY offset paperbacks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Studies

YOUNG PEOPLE UNDER 30 will be considered for trip to China next summer to study communes. Contact PROMOTING ENDURING PEACE, Box 103, Woodmont, Connecticut 06460. (203) 878-4769.

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Opportunities

$8000 MONTHLY SPARE TIME! No selling! Start immediately! Report - $15 (refundable) plus "KHEN" music instrument that's worth $39. *Check *Bank Americard *Master Charge *American Express *Diners Club *Carte Blanche. EXPIRATION DATE ____ NUMBER ____. OVERSEAS BUSINESS SERVICE, P.O. Box 383-A, Vientiane City, Laos.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZERS NEEDED—We have several openings for people to work in a unique type of community organizing among the poor of Virginia and North Carolina. The hours are long and the pay is low but it is never boring. For more information write P.O. Box 1834, Petersburg, Virginia 23803.

TEACHERS-ADMINISTRATORS - current school, college openings list in U.S. $5.95, abroad $5.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95, foreign $4.95. EISN, Box 662, Newton, Massachusetts 02162

SELL TNR SUBSCRIPTIONS and earn handsome commissions. If you think you can sell at least 10 subscriptions, write to: Circulation Manager, The New Republic, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Business Opportunities

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-456-H, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660

Air Cargo Services

EXPEDITE CARGO OVERSEAS. Lower air rates, free export marketing. BERKLAY AIR, P.O.B. 665, J.F.K. Airport, Jamaica, New York 11430.

Property Sale/Rent

PRE-CIVIL WAR 20-ACRE FARM in W. Maryland. Large stone house (6 fireplaces), stone barn, 5 outbuildings. Convenient to Washington-Baltimore. Excellent for horses, school or community. $79,500. New Republic Box 7260.

Vacation/Travel

$98 WEEKLY FOR TWO - at "Strawberry Fields" - Jamaica's tropical beach campsite. Double-bed tents/cottages; cooking equipment; inexpensive restaurant; reggae music. Information: Strawberry, 54-N West 56 St., New York City 10019. (212) 247-4505. Or Eastern Airlines/travel agents.

SKI MOUNTAINEERING SEMINARS—Colorado Rockies. January 1-10, 15-24, March 18-27. Brochure OLTS, 2220 Birch, Denver, Colorado 80207.

MEXICO-CENTRAL & SOUTH AMERICA—new concept in LOW COST TRAVEL. Stamped Envelope, AMTREK Overland Expeditions, POB 206, Santa Clara, California 95052.

CARIBBEAN SEASIDE VILLA—with cook-housekeeper, on warm, tranquil Grenada. $250 week. Robert Martin, 4952 Sentinel Drive, Washington, DC 20016. (301) 320-3408.

Arts/Crafts

1976 TOTEM ANIMAL CALENDAR. Plains Indian vision drawings by Tom Pohrt. $4.00 refundable. BEAR CLAW PRESS, 215 Bucholz Court, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

OLD-TIMEY TOYS—birch and basswood, Bullroarer, Skyhook, Moonwinder; all three/$1.95 (guaranteed). Quinebaug Crafts, N203, RFD 2, Southbridge, Massachusetts 01550.

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road, Homewood, Illinois 60430.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339

the Copper Puzzle

Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of
Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D. C. 20037

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

BEADED PENDANT KIT

$3.95

Highly polished imported wooden beads. 5" pendant plus bracelet; everything you need to string in 30 min. Brilliant colors: choose fashion shades of plum, rust, teal blue, dark green. $3.95 plus 50¢ post. & handling. D.C. res. add 5% s.t. Completed necklace $8.50 ppd. BEAD BASH #322, 1221 Mass. Ave. NW, Wash., D.C. 20005.

ANTIQUE DOLLS AND GAMES WANTED. Please state condition, price. S.D.W., 189 Forts Ferry Road, Latham, New York 12110.

Gourmet/Cookery

OL' FASHION FRUIT CAKE direct from world-famous bakery. Quality ingredients. Full of fruit and fresh nuts. No fillers. Three one-pound loaf cakes (light or dark) $6.00 plus 75¢ shipping. Californians add tax. Send check or money order to MARTTY'S, P. O. Box 4137, Burbank, California 91503.

WILD RICE FANCY $4.20 pound prepaid, 5 pound minimum shipment. E.L., Floura, Blackduck, Minnesota 56630.

Music

SASSMANN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbeau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire. Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of highest quality craftsmanship and materials. Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania 16673

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) .....60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .....55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .....50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year .....45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year .....40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RITER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

This Christmas help a student with his homework.

Give him the Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter.

DEC 2 1975

Keeping up with all there is to learn today is a tough assignment for any student. The Smith-Corona® Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter can help. It's the world's most advanced electric portable.

For a fresh ribbon all you do is snap in a cartridge.

There's a correction cartridge that corrects errors faster than you can say "Ho, ho, ho."

There's a special film cartridge that makes typing look like printing. It's perfect for term papers and reports.

And for adding emphasis there are four color cartridges.

The Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter. A smart gift for Christmas.

SCM SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED